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MEMOIR

OF

MAJOR JASON TORREY,

OF

BETHANY, WAYNE COUNTY, PA.,

BY

REV. DAVID TORREY, D. D.

SCRANTON, PA.:
JAMES S. HORTON, PRINTER AND PUBLISHER.
1885.

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"Through veins that drew their blood from Western earth
Two hundred years and more, my blood hath run,
In no polluted course from Sire to Son."

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by
Rev. David Torrey.

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PREFATORY NOTE.

JASON TORREY, popularly known as *Major Torrey*, was one of the earliest settlers in Northeastern Pennsylvania, and was efficiently and conspicuously associated with the first half century of its material and social development.

He reared a large family, and the majority of his descendants has remained in the vicinity of the scenes of his laborious and fruitful activities.

But neither he, nor any of his progenitors, in so far as we know, nor any of his descendants, until within a few years, have devoted any attention to the collecting or preserving of any comprehensive genealogical information concerning either the earlier or later generations of the family. Whatever work had been done in this direction, consisted merely of limited family records, made for separate households, and many of these were found to be very incomplete and fragmentary.

In the autumn of 1860, John Torrey, son of Jason Torrey, visited Williamstown, Mass., the place of the latter's birth and early life, and while at the house of

a cousin, who resided on the Homestead, he learned that in the garret there were many old letters which Grandfather had received from his sons after their leaving the parental roof, and had carefully preserved. He arranged with his cousin to select such as were from Jason or his wife, or from his brother Ephraim, who also removed to Bethany, that he might bring them home with him. A large package of letters was thus obtained, written at various dates, from 1793 to the time of the decease of our grandparents.

These letters contained a great amount of interesting and valuable historic information, which it would have been impossible to obtain from any other reliable source.

A careful perusal and re-perusal of these letters, and of Father's early diary, led John Torrey to decide, a few years ago, to endeavor to trace out the ancestry of the family; and he undertook a series of comprehensive and systematic investigations and inquiries, which have been prosecuted with an amount of labor and a degree of expert skill, which no inexperienced person would imagine to be necessary, and which have resulted in bringing to the knowledge of the now living members of the family, a distinct and unbroken line of descent for very nearly two centuries and a half on this continent; extending back to within twenty years of the landing of the *Mayflower*, and for a hundred years still further

back in England—viz : to the time of a *William Torrey*, who died at Combe St. Nicholas, in Somerset County, England, in 1557.

These inquiries have also revealed, incidentally, many items of interesting and gratifying information concerning persons of excellent worth, and some of broad and honorable distinction, who were descended from the first *William Torrey*, of Weymouth, Mass., but outside the line which leads to Jason and his descendants.

While the statistical results of these inquiries have been embodied in a tabulated Genealogy, which will be printed for the family, the diary and letters of Major Torrey, above referred to, and the memories of him thus freshly awakened have led to the printing of the following brief *Memoir*, as a tribute of grateful affection and reverence from his surviving sons, as a means also, of bringing some knowledge of his life and character to, and preserving it for, his younger and his future descendants, and in the belief that many of the citizens of the county, especially those of more advanced years, will take a pleasant interest in reading these reminiscences of the county's early history.

The work of finding and selecting the documentary material for this memoir has been done by the oldest, the expense of putting it in the form of a book borne by the second, and the whole arranged

and prepared for the press by the third and youngest of Major Torrey's surviving children.

This work has been one of great delight to these remaing sons—with filial pride, as well as with filial affection, they present this brief memorial sketch of their honored Father for the use of his descendants and kindred, and of such other persons as may feel an interest in the character it represents, or in the events it records.

Honesdale, February, 1885.

MEMOIR OF MAJOR JASON TORREY.

I

The name, *Torrey*, is evidently an Anglicised form of the Spanish word *Torre*, which originally meant a Tower, but became the patronymic of many Spanish families, and the name often occurs in Spanish records and dispatches.

It is probable that our English ancestry came originally from Spain, though we are not aware of owning any "castles" in that country at the present date.

Nor are we able to learn much concerning our ancestors in England, but through the kindness of our kinsman, Mr. H. A. Newton, of Weymouth, Mass., we obtain the results of examinations made of the official records of Somerset County in that country.

These records show :

1 That the will of *William Torrey*, of Combe St. Nicholas in said county, was proven on June 18, 1557, and Thomasyne, his wife is named as his Executrix. His "children" are *mentioned* but not *named* in the will.

2 That the will of Philip Torrey, son of the above, was dated August 31, 1604, and mentions his son William and daughter Dorothei, and names Margaret, his wife, as Executrix.

3 That William Torrey, son of the above Philip, was living at the date of the death of Jane, his wife, who was buried on the 27th April, 1639.

4 That the will of Philip Torrey, son of the last named William, was proven on 27th June, 1621. His wife Alice is mentioned as Executrix, and the will mentions three daughters, Annie, Mary and Sarah, and four sons, William, James, Philip and Joseph. The will of Alice, the widow, is dated in 1634, mentions the same seven children, by name, and refers to the previous death of the daughter Mary.

From the provisions of these last two wills it is evident that at the date of the father's death in 1621, all the children were minors and some of them in early childhood.

We, also, have reliable information that William Torrey, eldest son of the last named Philip, born at Combe St. Nicholas, in 1608, was married to Agnes, daughter of Joseph Combe—the name being suggestive of the probability that she belonged to the family which gave the place its name.

This William Torrey had a son, born at Combe St. Nicholas in 1632, named Samuel, and another, born at the same place in 1638, named William, and then a daughter, Naomi, born at Weymouth, Mass., December 3, 1641, that place having, meanwhile, become his residence.

He is known to have been at his home in England in the early part of 1640. So that he must have migrated to America during the Summer or Autumn of that year.

It is also known that his brother Philip came in the same ship with him, and that he found his home in Roxbury, Mass., where he died in 1686, leaving no children in so far as we know.

Also that the brother JAMES was settled at Scituate, Mass., in 1640, and there were born to him five sons and five daughters. He was a military officer and was killed by an explosion of powder, at Scituate, July 5, 1664. It is found that after his death his brother William, at Weymouth, became guardian of at least two of his children (Jonathan and Mary) who grew up in his family at Weymouth, with the very singular result that, after more than two hundred years, the numerous Torreys, now living at Weymouth, are all descended from *James*, though *William* was the permanent resident of that place, and reared a large family there; while the only descendants of William now there, bear other names.

From JAMES was descended the *Rev. Charles T. Torrey*, widely known as the "Martyr Torrey," because some courageous attacks of his upon the system of Southern Slavery were decided to be violations of law, and he was thrown into a Baltimore prison and died there not far from 1850.

Still the other and youngest brother, Joseph Torrey, was a land owner at Weymouth in 1643, but settled afterwards at Newport, Rhode Island. The records of that town show that Joseph Torrey was, in 1661, appointed on a committee to raise subscriptions for sending Roger Williams and John Clark to England, on business relative to the charter of the town of Newport, and that in 1670 Joseph Torrey was

appointed on a commission "in regard to entrance made into our jurisdiction by some people of Connecticut, and of their carrying away some of the inhabitants prisoners." He died in 1675.

Thus we have positive information that our English ancestor, William, who came to this country in 1640, and was commonly designated as Captain William Torrey, had three brothers, residing in and near Weymouth from 1640 onwards.

II

The said William Torrey, it will be remembered brought two sons with him from England to Weymouth, both in their boyhood at the time of the immigration.

The older of these two sons, Samuel, became a man of marked distinction.

He received his education at Harvard College, almost as soon as it became a college, and must have been one of its earliest graduates.

He became a clergyman, and after preaching for a few years at Hull, was made pastor in 1664, of the church at Weymouth.

It is interesting to notice, as a curiosity of this kind of literature, that this Rev. Samuel Torrey, in entering upon his pastorate at Weymouth in 1664, was the immediate successor of Rev. Thomas Thatcher, who, in 1670, entered upon his work as the first pastor of the "Old South" Church, of Boston, and from whom descended one Rev. Peter Thatcher after another for three successive generations, and the grand-daughter of the third and last of these became the wife of Major Jason Torrey, of

Bethany, Pa., in 1816, and the mother in 1818 of the writer of these lines.

Harvard College was not a University in the 17th century, and had no theological department, and it is probable that the said Samuel Torrey pursued his theological studies, privately, at his home, with his pastor, Rev. Thomas Thatcher, and showed himself worthy to be his own pastor's successor, and thus, being "not without honor in his own country," he remained in that position to the end of his useful life.

He was an eminent divine of his period, as is shown by the fact that he three times preached the annual election sermon, by appointment of the Governor and House of Deputies of the Colony of Massachusetts, and that he was twice elected President of Harvard College, but declined the position for reasons that do not transpire.

His younger brother, William, who was our ancestor, born in England in 1638, and brought by his father to Weymouth before he was two years old, was a conspicuous and influential citizen of that place during all the years of his manhood.

Mr. Herbert A. Newton, descendant of the above mentioned James Torrey, now a resident at Weymouth, says that the name of the said William appears, as selectman or member of important committees on almost every page of the records of that town while he lived.

He was also a member of the House of Deputies of Massachusetts Colony from 1642 to 1649, and again from 1679 to 1683, and was clerk of that body from 1648 to 1658, and again from 1661 to 1666.

As commander of the Weymouth militia he bore the title of captain.

That he combined habits of abstract thought and metaphysical study with his eminent and successful devotion to practical affairs is revealed by the existence, in the "Boston Public Library," of a book, entitled, "*Futurities or Things to Come*," of which he was the author, and which was published, in 1687, with Preface by Rev. Mr. Prince, pastor of "Old South Church."

Thus it appears that on the score of private respectability and of public influence and usefulness and honorable public appreciation, our family had a noble and altogether promising beginning on this continent.

We can but give credit in our thoughts, to the presumably excellent character of this man's immediate ancestry across the sea—inasmuch as figs do not grow from thistles.

And we actually find in the church records at Combe St. Nicholas, in England, and Weymouth and Boston and Middletown in this country, documentary evidence of the church membership and the baptisms of the children, so as to make it evident that our ancestors and the most of the members of their families were not only under the influence of Christian principles and institutions, but, as individuals, they were Christian men and women and actively connected with the Christian Church—with the established church of Old England and the Congregational Church of New England.

As we turn to follow the fortunes of the descendants of Captain William Torrey, we find those in

various lines of descent from him, who have fully maintained the honor he gave to the family name.

Among the later descendants of Captain William, who have won honorable distinction, are the late Rev. Joseph Torrey, D. D., deceased, who was a scholarly theologian, translator of Neander's Church History, and President of Vermont University; and John Torrey, LL. D., the distinguished Botanist and Scientist, who has been for many years Superintendent of the Government Assay office in New York City.

These two, together with a family of Torrey's now residing in New Jersey, in which the name of William predominates, are descended like ourselves from Captain William's grandson John. But *they* are descended from this John through his oldest son, William, and *we* through his third son, Samuel, as will appear in the following pages.

III

In the line of *our* descent from Captain William Torrey, we find that his third grandson, John, remained, as his grandfather had done, at Weymouth, and had seven children, of whom the third son, Samuel, removed to Boston so early in his life that he united with the Brattle St. Congregational Church there when he was 18 years old.

In 1726 he was married to Abigail Snowden, at Boston, and to them were born, in that city, six children, the last in 1735.

In 1736 he removed to Middletown, Conn., where he united with the Congregational Church, in May,

1737, and where his wife died in July of the same year.

In February, 1738, he was married to Martha Strickland, of Middletown, and to them were born five children, the last of them in May, 1745.

Two or three months before the birth of this last child, the father, Samuel Torrey, at the age 38 years, set out with a force of New England Volunteers, on a military expedition against the French on our Northern borders, the occasion of which was as follows:

Nova Scotia was occupied by the British, but the adjacent Island of Cape Breton, with the fortified town of Louisburg, was held by the French.

In the Spring of 1744 a military force from the latter place, attacked the British settlement at Cunseau, at the Eastern extremity of Nova Scotia, broke up the fisheries there and took eighty men prisoners, and kept them at Louisburg during the following Summer, after which they were sent to Boston on parole.

Encouraged by the reports of these men concerning the weakness of the defences at Louisburg, and exasperated by the fact that Louisburg was made a harbor for privateersmen from which to make raids upon our fishing interests along the coast of Nova Scotia, the Colony of Mass., decided to undertake the capture of the Island and its fortifications. The colonies of New York, New Jersey and Pennsylvania voted money to the aggregate amount of about 10,000 pounds, and the New England colonies furnished the men to the number of 4,000—together

with armed vessels sufficient for their transportation which were joined at Nova Scotia by four British armed ships from the West Indies.

This colonial fleet consisting of 100 vessels, arrived near Louisburg, April 30th, landed a large part of their force and commenced a siege which continued until the 17th of June, during which time a French ship of war with 64 guns, laden with supplies for the garrison, was captured by the Yankee fleet.

On the 17th of June the fortress and the entire Island were surrendered to the colonial forces. The achievement of this capture was celebrated with great enthusiasm in England, and so important was the capture of Louisburg regarded, that the Lord of the English Admiralty said that "if Portsmouth, (the important naval station on the British Channel) was in the hands of the French, he would hang the man that should give Cape Breton for it."

Only 150 men of the Colonial force were killed during the siege, and 60 of these were killed in a brave but unsuccessful night attack upon a battery situated upon a small island in the harbor, and furnished with 30 large guns, but which was afterwards silenced and reduced by a land battery constructed on a neighboring bluff.

A garrison of Colonial troops was left to hold and protect the newly acquired possession, and "ten times as many men died of sickness" as had fallen in all the fighting.

Among these was our ancestor, Samuel Torrey, according to a record made at Louisburg by Rev.

Adonijah Bidwell, chaplain of the fleet, in his diary, as follows:

"*Lieut. Torrey died on the 17th of Sept., 1745.*"

Louisburg figured quite conspicuously in subsequent history for a time, and some curious historical coincidences are associated with it. It was peacefully restored to the French in 1748, and by them strongly fortified, but was captured again in 1758 by an army of 14,000 men (largely from Massachusetts) co-operating with a considerable fleet commanded by General Wolf, who afterwards took Quebec, and General David Gordon, grandfather of the famous "Chinese" Gordon, was killed in the latter siege.

At the battle of Bunker Hill the same old drums and many of the same troops were employed as at Louisburg, and Chinese Gordon's grandfather on his mother's side (Enderly) furnished, by rental, the ships which brought the tea that was thrown into Boston harbor, in the midst of the memorable riot that was one of the immediate causes of the breaking out of the war of the revolution.

IV

The death of Lieutenant Samuel Torrey, at Louisburg, left his wife Martha at Middletown, a widow, with nine children, the youngest of whom, a girl named Martha, was born after the father left for the war.

Two of these fatherless children, the one William, an infant of 15 months when his father went away, and the other John, not yet four years old at that time, were afterwards apprenticed, the former to a

shoemaker and the latter to a blacksmith. But soon after becoming of age (1766) they took their trades with them and located on adjoining lots of land in Williamstown, Mass.

The elder of these, John, was married about 1768 to Ruth Tyrell, of Milford, Conn., and they were blessed with twelve children, all born in Williamstown, after which (1804) he sold his "place" and removed to Richfield, N. Y., though some of his descendants are still living near the old farm in Williamstown.

The younger brother, William, the shoemaker, is our progenitor and was the father of Jason. He married Hannah Wheeler, of Williamstown, April 13, 1771, and they remained on the homestead farm as long as they lived.

The aged mother, Martha, who had been left a widow with nine children by the death of Lieutenant Samuel Torrey, at Louisburg, spent the last years of her life at Williamstown, and had her home, alternately, with these two sons who had been *her* care in their helpless and fatherless childhood at Middletown, and were now glad to provide for her comfort in her old age.

We now come to the time of *Jason*, with whom a new departure originated, inasmuch as he led the way for a portion of the family to find their homes in what was then the almost unpenetrated wilderness of Northeastern Pennsylvania.

Jason was born at Williamstown, June 30, 1772, being the first born child of William and Hannah. He had four brothers and one sister, whose names,

in the order of their ages, were, David, Josiah, Samuel, Mary and Ephraim.

The home in which they grew up together was pleasantly situated in the South part of the town, being sheltered under the "West Mountain;" from the lower and sunny slopes of which the farm fronted the East with the towering and massive hights of Greylock always in view in that direction.

It was a sweetly quiet and picturesque spot, with broad outlooks upon surroundings of rare beauty and quite uncommon grandeur.

The boys assisted their father on this farm and became familiar with all that range of work, and had access, in Winter, to the common school of their district.

About all this part of the history of the family we know absolutely nothing in particular, except as we are traditionally informed that a young girl, named Lois Welch, came into the household to assist the mother in her work, but was more a daughter than a servant, and became to the mother what Ruth was to Naomi, and to Jason what Ruth was to Boaz, as will appear when we proceed to use the material furnished us for a more particular history of Jason and those closely associated with him.

V

About three miles from the home thus described, at the centre of the town, a brick building four stories high, was completed in 1791, designed for a grammar school, and English free school, and was

called the Williamstown Academy. Its first term was opened in October, 1791. Two months after the opening of this Academy, when he was 19 years old, Jason entered the School for twelve weeks instruction.

In 1793 the institution was incorporated as a college, and has since been known as Williams College, the old Academy building being what is called West College.

Jason made good use of his twelve weeks in that Academy, for in his diary for December 25, 1791, he writes :—

I studied arithmetic four weeks, then learned the art of surveying, I gave the rest of the time to the study of grammar.

We print the words in italics in order to emphasise the suggestion of energy and efficiency that is in them. The meaning probably is that he studied grammar during the whole quarter—for four weeks simultaneously with advanced arithmetic, and for the remaining eight weeks with trigonometry and surveying.

The above statement constitutes his first entry in what was evidently his first diary. The book consists of two sheets of unruled foolscap paper, folded into square form and stitched, but not covered. On the first outside page are the two parts of his name across the top, with a not very successful attempt at ornamentation between, and the word *Journal* in handsome coarse-hand letters at the middle of the page, and the figures 1791 carefully printed underneath.

The opening of this diary seems to have marked a turning point in his life. He began to take practical views of the future, and feel the responsibility of it and lay plans for it. Life began to assume tangible shape before him, and he was taking hold of it as a thing upon which he must act and to which he must give direction and character as the way should be opened for him, or he should be able to open it for himself.

Life began to assume *importance* in his eyes, and therefore he began to gird himself for it and to make record of its events in this diary.

His daily activities ceased to be regarded by themselves, but were viewed as connected with the long future, and therefore record was made of them, not for other eyes, at all, but for his own future reference and use.

His diary was meagre at first, but growingly full, in proportion as his hold upon practical affairs and projects grew broader and stronger.

And this process was not slow after he had fairly entered upon it. His horizon widened rapidly, and his faculties were quickened and energised by the indefinite breadth of his eager outlook.

His twelve weeks work in the Academy had in it the vigor of far-reaching projects, and the sagacity of earnest purposes. His arithmetic and surveying were equipments for practical work, and his grammar was such finishing accomplishment as was possible for him, to enable him to do his work handsomely as well as accurately.

Then he must earn some money to start out with. And so there follow six months of work on a neighbors farm, and three months of teaching.

And now at the age of 20 the project of going to the "new country," west of the Hudson River, assumes the form and substance of a fixed determination, and in April, 1793, he makes a trial trip—walks to Albany (40 miles), to prove himself as to his ability to "travel," and is back at his home on the third day, with five dollars of his hard earned money gone. He must learn to "travel" at a cheaper rate than that, and he does so, as we shall see.

On the fifth day of the next month, having collected what he could of the money that was due him, and with eleven dollars in his pocket, he sets out to "travel the country," as he expresses it; i. e. he started for that indefinite "West," which seemed more remote and unknown when it extended to Lake Ontario and the Gennesee River, than it does now that it extends to the Sierra Nevadas and Puget Sound.

He crossed the Hudson River at Kinderhook, passed through Harpersfield, Delaware County, N. Y., came to the Susquehanna River at the mouth of Ouleout Creek, near Unadilla, and kept down that river to Great Bend, where he arrived, "very weary," on the 13th—eight days from home—and rested at the house of a Mr. Strong, about whom he had evidently known something before.

Concerning the pecuniary cost of this journey he says in his first letter home, written from Mr. Strong's, May 15, 1793:

"My expense, which amounted to 10 shillings and 5 pence, L. M. for the eight days and 191 miles, was less on account of my provisions, having bought but two meals of victuals on my journey. But my feet felt the smart more than my pocket, being blistered near half over, but am again pretty well recruited."

It was a strange homeopathic process by which his feet could be recruited as he kept on walking 25 miles a day.

The L. M. above, means "Lawful money"—i. e. Massachusetts currency, which was 3⅓ dollars to the pound, so that his "expense" for the eight days was just one dollar and seventy-three and a half cents.

He rested at Mr. Strong's three days, and then proceeded over the hills to a point in the woods then known as Stanton Settlement or Stantonville, where he "concluded to stop."

This place was in what is now the Town of Mt. Pleasant, and about a half mile South from the village of Belmont. Mr. Samuel Stanton was the first settler there. Two years before, in the Spring of 1791 he had come from Preston, Conn., and was clearing up a farm there, and by this time, a few neighbors around him were doing likewise.

Making Stantonville his headquarters, and after spending a month in "viewing the country" (which was a heavily timbered wilderness, with settlements, here and there, 20 to 40 miles apart), and working just enough to pay for his board. Jason selected a lot of land for himself, and having hired a man for a week, and collected some provisions, which proba-

bly consisted of flour and pork, he commenced clearing his land.

Inasmuch as this spot is to be his home and that of his wife and children, for a few years, by and by, it is worth while to notice that it was situate about three and one-half miles East from Mt. Pleasant Village, and thus over four miles from Stanton's.

It was apparently his intention, at this time, to clear for himself a farm at that place and build him a log house and fix his dwelling there.

But how all this was delayed, and with what unexpected experiences and disciplinary trials and educating advantages to himself, it will be interesting now to notice.

VI

The slow and heavy work upon which Jason had entered with his hired man, in "lifting up his axe upon the thick trees" of the forest was interrupted, within a few days, by the appearance of a Mr. Samuel Baird from near Philadelphia, who it seems, was grandfather to Dr. Baird, now of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington. He was surveyor and agent for capitalists in Philadelphia, who had become owners of most of the lands in this Northeastern part of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Baird wanted Jason's help, as a surveyor, at ten shillings a day, Pennsylvania currency, which is equal to one dollar and thirty-three and a third cents. These were tempting wages for a young man who had been teaching school a few weeks ago for six

dollars per month, and who could now hire choppers for nine dollars per month.

So it was less than a week after he had commenced chopping that he laid aside his axe and took up Mr. Baird's compass and "Jacob staff" and went to Lackawaxen Creek, (probably near the Narrows), where he arrived and met Mr. Baird on June 30th, the very day on which he became 21 years old.

After 15 days of surveying he returned to Stantonville, but had proved himself so helpful to Mr. Baird that it was arranged for them to meet again, a few days later, at Wyoming, from which place they went a hundred miles up the Susquehanna River on a surveying tour, which was completed on the 8th of September, when they parted, with an engagement to meet again at Stockport on the 14th of the same month.

But Mr. Baird was summoned to Philadelphia and Jason was taken sick, soon after returning from Wyoming, and on the 21st of October, having accomplished his first speculation by selling, for six dollars and a half, a horse which he had purchased for two, he started, with great delight for Massachusetts. But eager as he was to get home, he restrained himself in order to see something of the State of New York, which was also inviting settlers from New England, and he wanted to be able to judge for himself and report at home as to the comparative attractions and advantages of the two regions.

So he followed the Susquehanna River downward from Great Bend to Owego, and thence crossed to

Cayuga Lake, and thence Westward to the Geneva Road, after which he turned Eastward through Oneida and Whitestown to the Mohawk, within 48 miles of Albany, and then turned Southward to Cobas Kill, Schoharrie County, from which point he set his face directly homeward, crossing the Hudson at Albany and arriving at Williamstown November 9th. He had been absent six months and three days, having traveled 900 miles "on expense," and bringing home with him 16 pounds, 19 shillings and one penny, as the net pecuniary gains. This amount in New England currency was equal to $56.68.

VII

Second Trip Westward.

His pecuniary gains were easily reckoned and recorded. But it was not so easy to estimate the value of his gains in the way of experience, and knowledge of the new country and of men, and breadth of outlook for himself.

Especially did his connection with Mr. Baird prove inspiring and helpful to him, as we shall see, by introducing him to immediate business in the surveying line, and also giving him insight into the land operations in which Mr. Baird and other larger operators were engaged.

However, the coming on of Winter in 1793 finds him at his father's house in Williamstown, and after a term of school teaching, he sets out again, near the end of March, 1794, for Mt. Pleasant, but on the 18th

of April, goes from that place to Pottstown, Montgomery County, to meet Mr. Baird, and agrees with him for a Summer's work of surveying. This necessitates the purchase of instruments which cost him $34, and, returning with these to the Beech Woods, he enters upon his work on the 12th of May.

Apparently this business and the prospects it opens to him do not prove entirely satisfactory, for, in the following November, he writes to his father, recommending him to come and see the country as far West as Cayuga Lake, thinking favorably of that locality for his own permanent home.

This idea, however, is driven out of his mind by his receiving, just about this time, an invitation from Mr. Baird to spend the Winter with him at Pottstown.

This invitation was accepted, probably with the expectation on the part of both Mr. Baird and himself, that through the land office at Philadelphia he might become interested in the purchase and sale of lands for himself. What chances there were for this will appear from the following statement of the manner in which a large part of the land business of the State was carried on at that time.

Warrants for unoccupied lands had been for sale at the rate of 26⅔ cents per acre, and large bodies, comprising numerous adjoining warrants, were located by, and became the property of, individual capitalists.

In 1792 the Government of Pennsylvania, on the presumption that the most available of the lands had been sold, put down the price to 6⅔ cents per acre.

This afforded a fine opportunity for such speculators as had the enterprise to look up the valuable lands that were yet unpurchased. All that such a person had to do was to go to the land office of the State and pay £10 or $20.67 and receive an order, (called a "warrant") requiring the Surveyor General to survey to the holder thereof 400 acres, to be selected by the said holder from any lands still belonging to the State.

The quantity of land in one warrant was limited to 400 acres, and two warrants could not at the same time be issued to the same applicant.

But where a speculator desired to obtain several warrants, he had the applications signed by his friends, who immedlately on so signing, also signed a "deed poll," conveying the right, under the application or warrant, to the speculator.

In this way one man could obtain 100 or more warrants at one time.

Jason had no capital for large operations, even at the low figures at which warrants were then selling. But there was a chance for him to discover the unappropriated lands, and sell the results of his discoveries to others who had capital, and make a good business of it. In order to do this he needed to be familiar with the maps at the land office as well as with the wilderness country in which the lands lay, and with which he was already becoming well acquainted. Therefore he accepted the invitation to spend the Winter of 1794–5 with Mr. Baird at Pottstown, from which place he could have constant inter-

course with the land office and the land officers at Philadelphia.

What projects and hopes arose in his own mind within a few months is indicated in a letter written from Pottstown, May 30, 1795, in which he says:—

"I have discovered about 14,000 acres of vacant land, but at present can do nothing with it. As soon as the office opens again I expect it will at least bring a profit of half a dollar an acre, clear of expense."

This was a brilliant prospect, at the outset, for an almost penniless young man, and he found it easy to count his fourteen thousand chickens that would be, when they should be hatched, worth half a dollar a piece. But he discovered already that a considerable time must elapse before they would be hatched, and while waiting for the incubator to be put in operation by the opening of the land office, he nursed in his mind another project of enterprising magnitude, for in the same letter to his father he says:—

"From here I shall go directly to the Genesee country, and shall, it is probable, spend the Summer there. I shall purchase a large tract of land and get settlers upon it."

This might seem a visionary project for him, with so little capital at his command. But the entire practicability of it is explained by the fact that, at the date of this letter, (1795) large tracts of land in the State of New York were being offered on very easy terms of payment, to enterprising men, who would contract for them, advancing very little money, and then retail them, in farms, to settlers, at such prices as to make a handsome profit. Mr. Robert Morris,

for example, from whom the village of Mt. Morris received its name, had purchased four millions of acres, west of Seneca Lake, and was still holding large quantities, at this date, and seeking such methods for obtaining settlers. Doubtless just this kind of operation was what Mr. Torrey was contemplating when he wrote the above letter. At all events this seems to have been with him a brief period of brighter hopes and more sanguine expectations than any that came to him for a long time afterward.

But he evidently doubts whether his scheme for turning aside from his work on his farm and entering upon this course of speculation will meet with approbation at home, for he justifies himself on this wise in the same letter from which we have been quoting:

"I think it better to live a pilgrim life one or two years more, if by that means I can obtain a comfortable living without being afterwards under the necessity to enslave myself. Not that I would wish to live without industry, but my constitution will not endure one-half the fatigue which some people undergo with pleasure."

How much of "fatigue," whether with pleasure or otherwise, he found himself compelled to undergo after this, we shall see, presently.

But, meanwhile, as though it had been the special design of Providence to give the young man the advantage of a year or two of disappointment and trial, there was a closing, just at this time, as we have seen, of the land office, and no warrants were issued, and

the whole business was at a stand-still, and nobody could tell how long it would remain so.

But though he found the public land office closed at Philadelphia, yet he found business in the private offices of the land owners to whom Mr. Baird introduced him, making maps and drafts of their lands, and preparing papers connected with the titles and conveyance of lands. This was precisely the kind of education he needed, and it also made him known to these men, and thus, in both these ways, he was, without knowing it, preparing himself for his important life-work and paving the way by which that life-work should come to him.

Moreover his intercourse with those Philadelphia men, many of whom were gentlemen of high social culture, and personal refinement, and broad acquaintance with the world, elevated his tastes and widened his views of life and contributed to fashion him into a man of larger proportions and higher degrees of personal improvement than he would otherwise have been.

Little did he understand the value of the attainments he was making and of the advantages he was gaining. On the contrary he was overwhelmed with a feeling of disappointment, and often reproached himself that he was thus waiting for the land office to open, and hanging upon the beggarly hope of getting a Government appointment as deputy surveyor, instead of *making* a sphere and position for himself.

His regret at allowing himself to be kept so long in an unsettled and changable condition was less on

his own account than on that of the family at home, for whom, being the oldest son, he felt a sort of parental responsibility. To such a degree was this true that he says in his diary :

"I am very anxious about the family at home, and my feelings toward them seem more like those of a mother than those of a son and brother. I am sometimes ashamed of these womanly feelings, but fear I shall never get the better of them."

In this state of mind and with no definite plans for the future, he left Philadelphia early in June, 1795, and spent the next two months in making, on foot, a more extensive trip than before, through Central and Western New York. He was not sure but the far richer lands of the Mohawk Valley, or the region of Cayuga and Seneca Lakes, ought to persuade him away from the rough and stony hills of Northeastern Pennsylvania.

So he traveled through those parts of New York —stopping long enough, here and there, to earn some expense money, and to make some acquaintances—getting a taste of fever and ague on Cayuga Lake, where Ithaca now is, and seeing others shake with it in the Genesee Valley; also taking a Northward sweep to Lake Ontario and Oswego, on his way Eastward, and reaching his home at Williamstown near the end of Summer.

Remaining at home during the Autumn he was off again for Philadelphia in December.

His stay at home, at this time, had been full of intense happiness to him, and he manifests much more feeling at going away than on previous occasions. Indeed he makes record in his diary that "it is with

eyes full of tears and heart ready to break," that he takes his departure December 28, 1795.

I cannot resist the conviction that it was during this visit home that he found himself in love with Lois, and probably declared his love and was accepted by her and became engaged to her. Only this will explain the intensity of his happiness during this visit and the warmth of his feelings on going away. And I imagine that a tender feeling toward Lois, of which he was only dimly conscious, had much to do with those "womanly feelings" towards the family of which he was writing in his diary a few months earlier, and which he found it so difficult to conquer.

VIII

Third trip Westward.

On reaching Philadelphia after several months absence, he finds the land office still closed and the general land business of the State yet at a stand still.

He finds employment, as before, in private offices —earning at times $1.50 per day, clear of board— and is much in the business counsels of the land owners, and has some social intercourse with their families, which is profitable to him, and also with some young men which is not so profitable, as when he records March 31, 1796: "Last evening I got with a sporting party who eased me of $6."

A month later, May 3d, he makes this significant entry:

"I hope I shall not be under the disagreeable necessity of drinking to please others but a few weeks longer."

Fresh discouragement helps toward the fulfillment of that hope. May 28th furnishes this record:

"It is now ascertained for certain that nothing can be done with the land, till the office opens, and nobody can guess when that will be."

Moreover, while he was waiting for something to turn up at the office of the Surveyor General, he was paying $6 per week for board and room, and was obliged to clothe himself for the company of gentlemen, and his occupation in connection with their business, though more advantageous to him for the future than he knew, was not remunerative for the present, and he was getting in debt.

Therefore, arranging his affairs as best he could, he prepared to start for the woods, weary of waiting upon uncertainties, grieving over what he regarded as wasted years, and yearning to get himself settled in some permanent undertaking and into a home of his own.

But where? For, on June 15th, he says:

"I am much at loss where to settle—whether at Stanton's Settlement or in New York State."

The failure of Mr. Robert Morris, about this time, so that his vast tracts of land in Western New York passed out of his control, and he could no longer offer inducements to enterprising men to take his lands and get settlers on them, may have been the reason why Mr. Torrey did not go to the "Genesee Country," as he was, just last month, proposing to do.

On the other hand, his acquaintance with Philadelphia men and the prospect of business growing out of that acquaintance, furnished controlling con-

siderations in favor of settling in Pennsylvania, and he returned to Stantonville, meeting with an incident which was not of a character to lift a discouraged young man out of his low spirts. His journey was on horseback, and passing over the Kitatinny Mountain, through the "Wind Gap," he lost his road and came at evening, to Stroud's (now Stroudsburg) six miles out of his way. Spending the night there, he retraced his steps in the morning, and found his lost road, and, at 9 o'clock, was starting on his way for Bloomingrove, (some 40 miles), but darkness came upon him before he reached that place, and with the darkness came a portion of his journey in which there had been an extensive windfall, prostrating the trees, and many of them had fallen across the road and were still lying there. In attempting to go around these he became fenced in by the tangled trees, and found it impossible, in the darkness, to get back to the road, or to get anywhere, and, though he knew he was within a mile of Bloomingrove there was nothing for him but to "strip his horse and lie down under a log" and wait for the daylight.

When the daylight came he found his horse was gone and he had to go back twelve miles for him, and did not reach Bloomingrove till noon.

Next day he reached Stantonville in a very depressed state of feeling, but on going, in company with his neighbor, E. Kellogg, the following morning, to see his land, he was able to write, with some apparent cheerfulness in his diary: "I found it more to my notion than I expected."

On the very next day, by way of prepartion for chopping the big trees, he went to work for Mr. Mumford, making the following record for August 4th: "I will try to season my hands by mowing before taking the axe."

Two or three weeks from this time he comes down with a sickness which keeps him in bed for four weeks —a grievious experience of loss of time and heavy expenses, with poor nursing and hard diet, and exhorbitant bills when he became convalescent.

It is not strange that he wants to see somebody that has a heart for him, and as soon as his strength is sufficiently restored he starts for home where he is affectionately welcomed on the 12th of October, 1796—being now 24 years old.

On the 11th of the following January he is married to his beloved Lois, for whom he has not far to go, inasmuch as she is, for many years, a member of the family, as we have already noticed. Subsequent events show that he could hardly have done better however far he might have gone. She proved herself the best and truest of wives and a very noble woman, as we shall see.

Their marriage was very quiet, and the wedding party exceedingly select and exclusive. Either to avoid making a wedding, or because they wanted a little more *stir* on the occasion than would be involved in sitting at home to be married, or for other reasons, they drove across the state line into Pownal, the corner town of Vermont, and were united in marriage by Rev. C. Nichols—doubtless a Baptist minister, because he is called "Elder," and the

family were Baptists. This is all the information he gives us concerning his marriage. He deals only with essentials.

After his marriage he remains at home about two months, during which time he goes several times with his bride to visit her parents and friends in New Ashford.

IX

Fourth Trip Westward.

Early in March of the same year (1797) he purchases of his father a horse, a pair of oxen, and a cow, and arranged with his brother Samuel to bring the oxen and cow to "Ararat," which was one of the names applied, at that time, to the entire settlemant about Stantonville, but was subsequently applied to a town in Susquehanna County, a little further West.

On the 16th of March he mounts his horse and starts for the Beech Woods.

Nothing is said this time about parting tears. He is a married man now, and has more definite plans for the future, and goes bravely forth to work them out, happy in the hope of providing a home to which he can bring the wife that he is now compelled to leave.

He reaches "Ararat" on the 24th of March, with the purpose of taking up his axe again. But he finds it impossible to be merely or mainly a clearer of land. It is only the 2d of April when he finds it necessary to mount his horse again and start for Philadelphia. His horse having been left at Mitchell's

Mills, near Coschecton, he goes there, and from there over the hills, by way of Carpenters Point, on the Delaware River, near Milford.

Three times during the season he goes to Philadelphia, whereby his relations with the land owners and the officials at the land office are very much confirmed.

However, he gets some potatoes planted early in the season, and does some sturdy work at chopping and logging, with his own hands, during the Summer and Autumn.

He is also much interested and occupied, during the season, in laying out a new road from "Ararat" to Minnisink, (Milford) by way of Dybury—associated with Dix, Stearns, Kennedy, Silas and Eliphalet Kellogg and Stevenson and Schoonover, in fixing the route. He is prominently responsible for securing subscriptions, and is able to say in October: "We have $500 subscribed for the new road, and three parties opening it to Minisink."

A couple of miles Southwest of his place was a pond of water known as Stephenson's mill pond, and about this time he had an item of experience there, which is perhaps worth mentioning as illustrative of "incidents of travel," in those days, and the difficulty in procuring supplies in a new and rough country.

He was crossing Stevenson's mill pond after dark in a boat, with a horse and a bag of rye on the horse's back, when the horse fell overboard with the rye. While he and a boy that was with him were fishing for the bag of rye, which they succeeded in recovering, the horse made his way to the shore, and

started for home through the woods. His owner followed him and brought him back, and loading the soaked grain upon him and walking by the horse's side, they took a fresh start through the dark woods, but had gone only a little way when he lost his slippery load and went home without it, and had to come back for it next day. Such are some of the conveniences of life in a new country. This would be regarded by most of us as paying dearly for rye. But they were glad to get even that at any cost.

Earlier in this same season it was that he constructed a house for the reception of his wife, when he should be able, by and by, to fetch her there. And it is made evident that his house-building was rapid work. Two days and two half-days brought the mansion to completion, from foundation to ridge pole. He says:

"Friday, June 2.—Drew logs for my house."

"Saturday, June 3.—I laid my house alone and got on the plates.

"Wednesday, June 7.—In forenoon laid my floor."

"Thursday, June 8.—In forenoon laid my roof."

His furniture he made at his leisure, at odd moments, and especially on rainy days, when he could do nothing else, for he was pressed with work from dawn till dark.

His bedstead was made by running a strong pole, seven feet long, from the end of the house to meet another five feet long, coming from the side of the house, and fixing a post under them at their junction, and then weaving strips of strong bark lengthwise and crosswise.

His chairs were stools made of split logs and his table consisted of two such stools, higher and longer than the others, with boards laid across them.

Thus he was ready for house-keeping, and late in December went to Williamstown for his wife.

It should, however, be stated that before another Winter he erected a larger and better log cabin, not only containing more convenient rooms on the ground floor, but furnishing some very useful "log cabin *chamber* room" also.

It will be noticed how wide was the range of the useful arts to which the young men of those times could turn their hands, and young Mr. Torrey could hardly have been behind the smartest of them in this respect. We have just seen how he could build and equip his own house. We shall have occasion to notice that he was as much at home with elegant penmanship and superb drafting as he was with chopping and mowing and rolling up the black logs into heaps for burning. And we find, from his diary, not only that he borrowed tools and made a pail for himself while waiting for his grist to be ground at Taylor's mill, but that in January, 1798, at Williamstown, a few days before starting with his young wife for the Beech Woods, he made a coat for his brother David, and in July of the same year, having purchased three dressed buckskins, he and Samuel made each of them a pair of trousers of them, and had some remnants worth mentioning left.

We shall also see that when it comes to erecting public buildings for the new county, he provides the plans, and when he furnishes to the carpenters a

plan for his own house, two stories high and 33 by 42 feet in size, none of them had the courage to "lay out" the frame, and he had to do it himself.

X

On Wednesday, January 31, 1798, about 9 o'clock in the morning, Mr. Torrey set out with wife and house-hold goods for Pennsylvania.

The goods were such as could be stowed, together with the two persons, in a two-horse sleigh, leaving room for "a pot, a bakepan, a frying pan, a teakettle and tin ware to the amount of 4 shillings and 6 pence," which were to be purchased at Albany.

After various breakings and mendings and other difficulties encountered, and sometimes going forward for a few hours with half the load and coming back for the other half—in one case being obliged to leave the sleigh at the coming on of darkness and go two or three miles on the horses, through the dark woods, to find a shelter for the wintery night, they reached the little log house toward which they had been so laboriously toiling—209 miles, in twelve days, with $4.25 left in the family purse, having started with $18.25.

It was just before night on the 11th day of February that the young couple drove up to the humble dwelling in the midst of a small clearing, closely encircled with forests.

His brother Samuel, who was also making a beginning for himself in another part of the forest, had

been left in care of the premises and the cattle, and may be presumed to have had a good fire on the rough hearth, for whatever else was scarce, fuel, at least, was plenty.

The meeting of this brother-in-law, who had been for years like an affectionate brother to her in the household at home, must have been a great relief to the young wife, to whom the place must have seemed very wild, and the situation very lonely and dreary.

The moving in of the household goods from the sleigh was no very serious undertaking for the two strong young men, and by the time the darkness of the Winter night had fairly settled about them, the young Jason had commenced housekeeping, with his beloved Lois as mistress of the mansion.

The diary is quite silent about the feelings, "uttered or unexpressed," that may have possessed their minds that evening, but to him it was the realization of a long cherished hope. The homely log cabin must have seemed a different thing to him from what it has seemed before. To him it must have been like the coming of Eve into Eden, and it was easy for him to write the word "home" in his diary that night. But to her all was so new and strange and solitary, and it must have seemed a rough place and a hard kind of life. However there is no audible sighing, and we can believe that she experienced a brave joy in accepting the strange situation.

After commencing housekeeping at evening, the two brothers start out next morning to bring a load of hay for the horses and cattle, from the farm of a Mr. Dix, three miles away, where Jason had har-

vested and stacked it, "on shares," during the previous Summer.

No time could be wasted in the idle enjoyment of their honeymoon in their new home, for only five days after reaching it, Jason is obliged to leave his wife in the rough cabin, and to set out with his team for Wyoming, 60 miles distant, to get a load of grain for the family bread.

Arriving there, at the farm of a Mr. Jackson, he was obliged to sell one of his horses in order to buy the grain—the horse to be sent back to the buyer after helping to draw the grain home.

After arranging thus for the purchase of the grain he had to assist in threshing it, which resulted in 31½ bushels of wheat at one dollar, 15 of rye at 67 cents, and 5 of oats at about 40 cents, receiving for the balance due him for the $60 horse, two notes from Mr. Jackson, payable, respectively, 1st of April and 1st of September.

He started for home with his precious load, after dark, and crossed the Susquehanna River, in the night, "with the water half-leg deep over the ice," and a little before day-light reached "Taylor's Mills," which were on Roaring Brook, where Scranton now is, and 14 miles from place of starting. Here his grist, is to be ground, but the poor mill is so much like those of the Gods in respect to grinding slowly, that both the day and the night will be consumed before he can get away, and so he improves his time as follows:

"Found some tools and went to COOPERING—made me a pail, which is the first I ever saw made."—The capitals are his.

And next morning taking an early start for home, before the people were up, he left some bran to pay for the pail timber.

Passing through Cobb's Gap, he spent the night at Swingle's, (South Canaan), and was home about noon the next day.

X

New County.

Just before reaching home he met Ephraim Kimble, who had come from the Narrows of the Lackawaxen, with the information that the new County of Wayne had been "set off" from Northampton County by the Legislature, and Commissioners thereof appointed by the Governor, and that a movement was already on foot in the southern part of the new county, and a petition started to have the county seat at Minnisink—i. e. Milford. To head off this movement a meeting of the more northern settlers must be held to-morrow, at Purdy's, on the Wallenpapack.

Therefore Jason could not have an hour's rest at home, for he must be half way to Purdy's before morning, in order to be in time for the meeting.

Meanwhile he had to spend the afternoon in driving about the settlement, so as to have an understanding with the neighbors (each a half-mile or so from the next) about this public business. Then he hurried back to his house and fed his horses and started by moonlight, and taking neighbor King with

him, made a night ride of 14 miles to "Van Aukens Meadows"—about a mile and a half southeast of Waymart.

In the morning Mr. King paid the bill because Mr. Torrey had returned from Wyoming with only two pence in his pocket and had no bank to draw from.

They started early from Van Auken's and went on to Schenck's (Cherry Ridge) to breakfast, which was furnished them gratuituosly in the interest of the county business.

About 40 of the settlers convened at Purdy's, and a meeting was organized, and a paper drawn by Jason (as the Quakers called him) remonstrating against Minnisink, and asking the Commissioners to select the place for the county seat.

About 50 signers were obtained to the paper and $20 subscribed toward the expenses of the movement, of which Jason subscribed one dollar, though he had noting with which to pay.

On the return journey the moneyless Jason had some "loading" to carry from Schenck's, for his neighbor, King, whereby he provided for the payment of expenses, thus earning something with the horses, only one of which was his own—the other having been sold for food at Wyoming.

Discharging his load at King's, he took a boy with him as far as Mr. Dix's, to help him load the last of his hay there, with which he upset on his way home, and had to leave half of it and come back and get it in the dark.

It is now early in March and he begins to make sap-troughs, as he could command time, and he gets,

first and last, a couple of hundred of them, and taps as many trees, and makes, first and last, several hundred pounds of maple sugar and molasses—the operation involving an immense amount of toiling and tugging, and long nights as well as days of boiling.

This work is speedily followed by his ploughing for his Spring crops, and when he comes to the harrowing in some of these, one of his oxen is sick, and he uses (May 11th and 12th) the other ox and his remaining horse for his team, and thus triumphs over the hindrances and gets his crops in.

Meanwhile he has found time to start a nursery of apple trees, and do some days-works at chopping the black logs in his fallow, and has been out viewing the work on the new road to Minnisink, and on April 24th started for Wyoming again, 60 miles, to get some seed oats, taking along two axes to be repaired. Arriving at Jackson's again he finds the settlers occupied in catching shad in the Susquehanna River, and the smith will not repair the axes for Jason unless Jason will fish for him, receiving half his share, which is agreed to. The catch of shad amounts to 1600, of which 40 are Jason's according to contract. He buys enough more to make half a hundred, and after dressing them and corning them, with two quarts of salt, he puts them into his bag designed for the seed oats. Two bushels of oats are put in a borrowed sack. With his two loaded bags across his horse's back, and the two axes over his shoulder, he starts for home, a little before night, and trudges on till midnight, then stops

for supper and horse feeding, and a little sleep, at Alsworths, (Dunmore), but starts again two hours before daylight, (having paid his bill with a shad), for he must make a forced march of it in order that his fish may not have survived their usefulness when he gets home. He reached that happy place (be it never so homely) after the middle of the second night—he and his burdened horse having toiled on over the rough roads, with very brief stops, for 30 hours. Whereupon he writes in his diary:

"Home after midnight. Called up Samuel to care for the fish—my feet so sore I could not stand to work at them, and so sleepy I could hardly move."

The next morning the fish were found to be sweet and good—so nice that he sent one as a present to Mr. Rogers, and they were so large and fat that they "more than half filled a barrel." What a load the poor horse must have had! How provoking to the horse, if he had known it, that the shad would have no relish for him, and that even the oats were for seed and not for feed!

It has seemed worth while to go thus into the details of a few weeks of Mr. Torrey's life in the woods, in order to give some idea of what it was—how pressed he was from dawn till dark, and often from dark till dawn, also, with downright hard work, tasking the back bone and muscle of the man, and how, also, public cares and responsibilities were almost constantly forcing themselves upon his attention, tasking his brain and consuming his time.

Several roads were already projected and in process of construction. One to Minnisink, or Milford,

portions of which are still to be seen, below Bethany, down the hill by the Asa Kimble place, and along the East bank of the Dyberry, above and opposite Honesdale, and so down the Lackawaxen by the Indian orchard and the narrows, and Shohola Falls, and so on. Not only had he a general superintendence of the construction of this road, as first opened, but many a toilsome day he spent chopping the trees out of it with his own hands. On the 10th of April, 1798, he takes great delight in making the following record in his diary:

"A traveler came through on the new road, and spent the night with us."

Just at the end of this entry are the familiar characters which represent one shilling and eight pence, the amount of the traveler's bill, showing that Jason was not too proud to allow his house to be used as an informal hotel when there was occasion for it

Another road was from Mt. Pleasant to the Delaware river, at Coschecton, to meet there a road from Newburg, and thus furnish a route to New York by way of the Hudson River. The antecedent events connected with the origin and conception of this road are peculiarly interesting.

From Stantonville to Shield's Mills, on the Delaware, near Coschecton, a distance of about 20 miles, was a trackless wilderness. No white man had been through it.

During one of Mr. Torrey's early visits at Philadelphia he came across some maps which gave him the material for determining the courses and distances of a line from Stantonville to Coschecton.

Giving this data to two of his neighbors, Silas and Eliphalet Kellogg, who imagined themselves surveyors, he sent them, with provisions for one night, to find a way through the woods to Coschecton. They became bewildered and lost their confidence in their compass, and the second day was stormy, and they lay out a second night, with nothing to eat, and were delighted in the early morning to hear the crowing of a cock, and supposing they were near Coschecton, followed the course indicated by the friendly sound, and came out *on the Lackawaxen*, at a place now known as Tracyville, one mile below Honesdale nearly as far from Coschecton as they were when they started.

The owner of the crowing rooster on the Lackawaxen was a half-breed Indian by the name of Bob Bayham, who gave them something to eat and set them on an Indian trail which would lead them up the Lackawaxen till they should come to a road on the Dybury which would bring them to Mt. Pleasant.

Mr. Torrey was both disgusted and stimulated by this performance, and he took a hand hatchet and a pocket compass, and started alone for Coschecton, and on arriving there met Mr. Thomas Shields, who sent a couple of men back with him, with their axes, and marked a path to Mt. Pleasant, and this for several years was known as Torrey's Path.

Subsequently, some men from New York were up at Newburg, and were studying to find a route to Western New York without going around by Catskill. Some man at Newburg asked them why they did not follow Torrey's Path which led off Westward

toward the Great Bend. This resulted in their finding Mr. Torrey, and ultimately arranging that they should procure a charter, in New York, for a turnpike from Newburg to Coschecton, and he, in Pennsylvania, for a turnpike from Coschecton to Great Bend, from which latter place there would be found a road quite ready for them, leading on to Binghamton and to Owego, and so on Westward.

All this was done, and there resulted for Wayne County the well-known "Coschecton and Great Bend Turnpike," which passed through Mt. Pleasant, and which for many years was a great mail route, and was made musical with stage horns and busy with stages, carrying passengers to and fro between New York and the "far West."

This was the second of the roads of which I was speaking as enlisting the interest and energies of the settlers at Stantonville.

Another road was projected a few years later still, almost directly Southward toward Philadelphia, called the "Belmont and Easton Turnpike." This road, South of Salem, lay for many miles through a heavy and unbroken forest, called the 12 mile woods, and it was a herculean task to get the men and teams and supplies upon the ground and along the route for carrying it through.

All these roads reached or passed near the settlement at Stantonville. They were large enterprises in their day, requiring for their accomplishment as much courage and energy as the Erie Canal did in its day.

Mr. Torrey was actively associated with the construction of each of these roads, in the various capacities of surveyor and director, and financier and constructor.

XI

It was evidently expected by the settlers at Stantonville that it would become an important centre of business and influence as the new country should be developed. How the location of the county seat changed all this, and how the change proved an advantage rather than a disaster to Mr. Torrey, will appear as we proceed.

Meanwhile the *expected* importance of that place, and the apparent magnitude of the public and private interests of the settlers, gave an exaggerated consequence to questions of neighborhood policy and of individual influence.

Strong men were concentrated there—men who were sagacious enough to plan, and energetic enough to push, important public enterprises which were reaching out toward New England and New York, in one direction, and toward Philadelphia in the other. Thus these men were not only giving impulse to the development and growth of that whole region of country, but were likely to give shape to its character and history.

If we had occasion to use the names of these men, in different parts of the northern portion of the county, as those names are constantly appearing in Mr. Torrey's diary, it would be interesting to notice

how familiar they are to many of us; Stanton, Mumford, Stevenson, Chittenden, Kellogg, Preston, Woodward, Schoonover, Kimball, Seeley, Schenck, Purdy, Jennings, Dimmick, Kennedy, King, Kellogg, Bunting, Rogers, Collins, Bunnell, Smith, Nelson, Pullis, Miller, Wilder, &c., &c., all are names of persons whose descendants are in the county to this day.

Leadership at Stantonville might become leadership in the county, by and by, when the population of the county would be increased tenfold. Men of influence there were already associated and would be associated more and more with men of influence at Philadelphia and Lancaster, which were centres of influence in the State.

Therefore this little group of farms and cabins scattered in the woods, like islands in a bay of the ocean, no one clearing touching another, was not the insignificant thing which some might suppose it to be. It was already a living part of a great Republican Commonwealth, and the pulse of the Commonwealth was beating in the veins of the men of this remote community. The elements of popular government and Republican statesmanship were already seething in the minds of these log-cabin and forest-chopping citizens.

Leadership in such a community was not only gratifying to a man's natural ambition for personal eminence, but gratifying also to every noblest desire for usefulness, and for energetic achievements for the public welfare.

Undoubtedly the two principal candidates for this leadership were Esquire Stanton and Surveyor Torrey, and we regret to find in the diary of the latter that this rivalry, which was not intended by either, but was forced upon both by their respective friends, led to serious misunderstandings and conflicts, so that the two were on very uncomfortable terms with each other, for a year or two. There was a grim element in the quarrel which expressed itself in very harsh words, some of which were recorded, and others referred to, afterwards, with shame and regret.

But a matter of business shut them up together one day, and the conference, beginning with complaints and mutual criminations, led on to frank and full explanations, and sundry confessions on both sides, and ended, not only in entire reconciliation and a covenant of personal friendship, but in an agreement that they would quietly endeavor to eradicate the party animosities of the settlement.

But aside from these misunderstandings the prominence accorded to young Torrey in the community was very beneficial to him—stimulating all his faculties, calling his best gifts into requsition, and every way developing and enlarging him.

He was secretary of almost every public meeting, and was relied upon to draw up the public papers by which the Courts or the Legislature were addressed. The settlers came to him with their land business, not only when they needed surveying done, but when they needed advice in respect to perfecting their claims and securing their titles.

There was nothing in this line which the best lawyers could have done for them that he could not do, and did not do, cheerfully, as a matter of neighborhood favor and kindness.

Add all this to his surveying work for the Philadelphia land owners, and for men in other parts of the county, from Stockport to Minnisink and West to "Nine Partners," and to his surveying on the roads, and to the work that was constantly crowding him on his own farm, and his life was made very busy and laborious. But his labors were so various and so much of them brain-work, of a broad and liberal character, requiring comprehensive grasp of thought, and familiar acquaintance with the principles and forms of law, together with nice use of language, and exact and compact statements of argument, that it was all very educating to him, and he attained intellectual and literary capabilities that were quite remarkable in a person whose technical education, after the meagre schooling of boyhood, was obtained during those twelve weeks in Williams Academy in 1791.

But these attainments were not easily made. They were the result of the most severe and exhaustive tasking of both body and mind, during the seven or eight years of his residence at Mt. Pleasant—say from 1794 to 1801 or 1802. It is impossible to be more specific because his getting away from that place was a gradual process, his life being elsewhere for a year or two while his home remained there.

There were three sons in the family before it was transferred to its new home. William having been

born in September, 1798; Ephraim in October, 1799, and Nathaniel in November, 1800. All in the log cabin at Mt. Pleasant.

It would have been interesting to notice at the proper date, that when the first child was expected to arrive, and to arrive soon, a part of a day was spent, by Jason himself, in clearing away some logs and other impediments from the poor road through the woods, so that the "women" (there being no doctor) could be sent for by night or day without hindrance, and the said clearing of the road proved to be not a day too soon. "While the cocks were crowing next morning the boy came."

These were years of extreme poverty for Mr. Torrey, so that he was often absolutely penniless, and well nigh foodless, and burdened with debt, and several times had his oxen and other items of property attatched by the constable, and was often greatly discouraged and depressed. But he continued to devote much time and labor to public services for which he received no direct compensation, because there was need that the services be rendered by somebody, and nobody else was so well qualified as he to render them.

If we could have occasionally looked inside that log cabin, during these years, we should doubtless have seen a toiling and often anxious wife and mother there. Aside from the care of her husband and infant children, there would often come land buyers, sometimes gentlemen from the cities, and would need to be furnished with food and lodging for two or three days, while he was out with them

from dawn till dark, viewing the lands. On one occasion he records that they had nine to breakfast. How they had all been bestowed during the night, and how meals could be provided for so many guests from such scanty supplies, is a question not easily answered.

XII

We come now to an interesting chapter in this history, as it accounts for the change of residence already foreshadowed.

It will be remembered that a new county was erected by the Legislature in 1798. The act authorized trustees, who were therein named, to select a place for the county seat, and they selected Milford for that purpose, which was very unsatisfactory to a majority of the people of the county.

The new county of Wayne extended from the North line of the State, Southward along the Delaware River, nearly 150 miles, to within six or eight miles of the Delaware Water Gap. Milford was at one side of the county, while Stantonville was at the other. The dissatisfaction was so great, that at the next session of the Legislature in 1799, an act was passed directing that the county seat should be located within four miles of "Dyberry Forks"—i. e. within four miles of where Honesdale now is, and that the courts should be held at Wilsonville, until the place for the county seat should be fixed by

the trustees named, and suitable county buildings erected.

Various sites, as Indian Orchard, Cherry Ridge, Seeleys Mills and others were suggested to the trustees.

Meanwhile, however, an incident occured of much interest to Mr. Torrey. One of the largest speculators in land, Mr. Henry Drinker, of Philadelphia, had obtained warrants for twenty-four adjoining tracts of 400 acres each to be located between the Dyberry and the West Branch of Lackawaxen. By reason of a lack of care in preparing the descriptions inserted in the warrants, the Deputy Surveyor concluded that not more than half of Mr. Drinker's warrants could be there located, and so informed Mr. Drinker, who was advised to consult Mr. Torrey about it. In the mean time Mr. J. Nicholson, another land speculator, of Philadelphia, learned of the Deputy Surveyors conclusion, and obtained thirteen warrants, intended to cover what Mr. Drinker's warrants could not take.

On the subject being explained to Mr. Torrey, he assured Mr. Drinker that if a judicious care was used in fixing the particular location of each tract, all the twenty-four warrants could be there located. Mr. Drinker committed the whole matter to Mr. Torrey's management, promising that if he succeeded in demonstrating this to the Deputy Surveyor, and procuring returns of survey to be made on all the warrants, he would liberally compensate him for it.

The returns were so made, and patents issued to Mr. Drinker for the twenty-four tracts. This body

of lands extended from within two miles of Dyberry Forks northward, about six miles, so that part of it was within the limits fixed for the county seat.

In this connection the following entries in Mr. Torrey's journal are of interest:

May 6, 1800—"Took surveying instruments and maps covering all the territory within four miles of Dyberry Forks, and went to court at Wilsonville.

May 9—"Started out with the county commissioners and spent two days in exploring the circuit within four miles of Dyberry Forks, for a place for the County seat."

May 11—"Made for the trustees, a list of the owners of land within that four miles radius to enable them to write for proposals."

Proposals had already been received from several. Mr. Tilghman who owned land on Cherry Ridge, and Mr. Drinker, *each* proposed to give the county any connected thousand acres of his land if they would erect the county buildings on it.

May 15—"At request of trustees, set out with them to designate the place for the court house, accompanied by Esquire Stanton and George Levers, both urging Cherry Ridge. After viewing Cherry Ridge locality, and Mr. Drinker's lands, the trustees proceeded to vote."

The result of the vote was a decision to locate on the Drinker lands by a majority of 3 to 1, and the Journal continues:

May 16—"The trustees proceeded to designate site for court house by driving a stake in presence of many witnesses—entered their proceedings on their

minutes and subscribed their names thereto, witnessed by all present."

The location thus determined upon was about 13 miles east-southeast from Stantonville, near the route of the road to Minnisink. It was on a broad slope of high ground, inclining gently to the southeast and dropping off gradually to the right and left into the valleys of two brooks, and at this time all was covered with heavy forest, the nearest settlers being four families close along the Dyberry, viz.: Pullis, Nelson, Asa Kimble and Schoonover.

Soon after the site for the court house had been selected on Mr. Drinker's land, and the exterior lines of the town plot of 1,000 acres selected by the trustees had been surveyed, Mr. Drinker, in settling with Mr. Torrey for aiding to obtain the land, authorized him to locate, for his own use, and subsequently conveyed to him, 400 acres of land thus located, adjoining East of the town plot. Much of the homestead farm of Mr. Torrey was on this 400 acres.

Immediately after the site for the county seat had been located by the trustees, the friends of that location became eager to have it *fastened* there, and measures were taken to lay out the town, and commence the erection of the public buildings without delay.

Without waiting to raise funds in the county, they sent at once to Philadelphia and obtained money and supplies on their own credit, for the clearing of the land and the speedy erection of the public buildings.

We noticed that it was on the 16th of May that the precise spot for the court house was fixed. Fur-

ther entries in his diary show that on June 2d Mr. Torrey met the trustees at that spot (where no tree had yet been fallen), and drew a plan for the court house and jail.

On June 10th, the "neighbors" were called together to put up a log house to serve as shelter and boarding house for the mechanics and other laborers.

XIII

These days of the Summer and Autumn of 1800, are busy and buoyant days with Mr. Torrey. He shoots back and forth between his log cabin and the county seat like a weaver's shuttle.

The record of his daily doings is quite full, and is preserved in a home-made book consisting of just a quire of large, strong, white, foolscap paper, stitched together without being folded, and protected by a stiff cover, which he had made by pasting solidly together several thicknesses of newspaper. Thus the book is covered with "pasteboard" in the strictest sense of that word. The outside thickness of newspaper is a copy of *The Philadelphia Gazette*, of June 19th, 1798—having for its motto, "*The public will, our guide. The public good, our aim,*" and containing a brief message to Congress by President John Adams.

The paste of the cover has been so tempting to moths or other insects that it is eaten through and through, but the writing is perfectly preserved.

He has on hand, at this time, two large jobs of

surveying, viz.: that of dividing the balance of Mr. Drinker's land into farm lots, and that of cutting up the County's one thousand acres into 254 house lots, for the county town, and 163 out lots, of five acres each, adjacent to and surrounding the house lots.

Besides this he has his farm work to attend to and much of it to do with his own hands, and liberally mingled with this is surveying for others, and constant and important correspondence with gentlemen in Philadelphia and elsewhere, so that often in connection with the record of a hard day's work, on the farm, or in the woods, will be a notice of writing two or three or half a dozen letters, and reference to their being copied.

Some of this office work, performed in the log cabin at Mt. Pleasant, is very handsome, showing the nicest skill in penmanship and drafting. And he speaks about this time of being engaged in preparing a plan of the new county town, on "Silk Post," to be sent to Philadelphia.

The surveying for the village was a new experience to him, and required a new degree of accuracy, so that he had to study up for the work, and tells of going to Stockport (Judge Preston's) "for a book containing the rule for obtaining the true meridian." And in laying out the streets of the embryo village, naming them Wayne street, Court street, Sugar street, &c., he found that one of them was marked a few inches too wide at one end, and had great difficulty in adjusting the instruments to the variation of the needle, and the greater difficulty because he did not take into account the *diurnal variation*—i. e. he

did not at that time understand that lines, run by the magnetic needle, in the afternoon, will not be in precise correspondence with those run by the same instrument in the morning, so that the needle cannot be depended upon for the nicest work.

Nevertheless, he corrected his work as best he could, and actually had the court house frame, after it was raised, moved six inches Southward in order that it might be in just the right place, and all this, be it remembered, *in the woods*, with no single square rod of smooth, cleared surface, but all the measuring done amid stumps and logs and cradle knolls and branches of fallen trees.

All this is said in order to indicate concerning the man of whom we are writing that he could not only accomplish a great amount of very rapid and varied work, but that he required of himself to do all well, and if necessary with extreme niceness and accuracy, and portions of it with great elegance and beauty.

Arrangements were made for a sale of town lots at Wilsonville, during an approaching court week, and Mr. Torrey was so hurried in finishing the surveying, and preparing the necessary maps, to be laid before the people at the time of the sale, that he makes record that he did not give himself "half reasonable time for eating and sleeping," and that at midnight on the 7th of August, he finished his map of the village plot at his cabin at Mt. Pleasant, and started, by moonlight, at 3 o'clock of the morning of August 8th, for Wilsonville, where he arrived at 10 (about 25 miles over rough roads), and acted as clerk of sale all the week, resulting in sales of lots to the amount of $1,700.

Returning now to the regular order of proceedings we recall the fact that early in June a plan was adopted by the trustees for the public buildings.

On August 8th, (Mr. Torrey, having been, meanwhile to Philadelphia to see Mr. Drinker and others) "assisted the carpenter in making plan and bill of timber for court house," and on the 9th "made bill of scantling and drew contract between trustees and Walter Kimble for furnishing the sawed lumber," (most of the timber for the frame, including studs, being hewed upon the spot.)

On 12th to 15th he and his surveying party "borrowed axes, because laboring men could not be procured, and went to scoring timber for the carpenters at fifty cents per day, at the same time that surveying business is suffering for which I should receive $3 per day."

On September 5 the frame of the court house was raised.

On October 4, the place is first designated in the journal as *Bethany*, a sweet name, suggestive, by its origin, of rural refinement and domestic peace and affection.

The inclination for scripture names in the county is indicated by the adoption of such titles for townships, as Canaan, Salem, Lebanon and Damascus, and the fact that letters written at the narrows of the Lackawaxen, at this time, were dated at Mt. Moriah.

So comes on the Winter of 1800 and 1801.

During the Summer and Autumn, of 1801, matters progress finely at Bethany. On September 11 Mr. Torrey writes:

"County town grows rapidly. Several houses will be comfortably finished this Fall. Three families are now there. The court house has been reported finished, and the jail nearly so."

Nearly all of these "several houses" were of logs, but one of them, built by Mr. Drinker, was quite a large, double, two-story house, standing across the street, west from the northwest corner of the public square, which is still standing there, and still occupied as a dwelling. Into this house Mr. Torrey brought his family in December, 1801.

To Mrs. Torrey this new home was more lonely than that in the Mt. Pleasant woods. Writing to her "Dear Mamma," in May, 1802, she has a doleful story to tell:

"Two or three weeks after we moved here, my husband set out for Philadelphia, and did not return for three months. (Where he was and what doing during those three months we shall see presently.) Being left alone and in a strange neighborhood, added to the poor state of my health, I really thought it the worst of all places in the world. Indeed I never experienced such a Winter in my life. But my husband returned, and a prospect of having in a few days, several families of very agreeable neighbors, renders the place again more agreeable."

Mr. Torrey began clearing a farm on some of the Bethany out-lots, he had purchased, and which were situated just out from Bethany toward the north and northeast, and he expected to build a house for himself, during the following Summer, fronting on the north side of the public square, where he owned some village town lots.

Indeed the days of his poverty seemed to be ended. A large and profitable business, congenial to his tastes, in the way of surveying and land agency, had fallen into his hands, and seemed sure to increase from year to year. His debts, that had so burdened and harassed him, were well nigh cancelled. There was a fair prospect that the excessive and wearing toils that had devolved upon him and his faithful wife for the past few years would cease to oppress them, and would be for the future, reduced to a reasonable degree of industry.

Moreover he was as much interested in the bright prospects of the town and county as in his own—much more, one would think from reading his journal and letters.

He writes to his home in Williamstown, authorizing his father and brothers to say to any young men who are inclined to go into the new country, Westward, that there is no better place for them to settle, anywhere, than in Wayne County, and near Bethany.

XIV

But his patience and courage are to be subjected to new trials. A greivous disappointment awaited him and his immediate neighbors.

The people of Milford succeeded in pursuading the Legislature in February, 1802, to remove the county seat to that place *for three years.*

The injustice of the proceeding seemed great and inexcusable, and although the act of Legislature said

"*for three years and no longer*," yet it was feared that the same influences that had led to the violation of the previous engagement, would secure the violation of this also.

Mr. Torrey had spent nearly the entire Winter (this is the three months absence to which his wife refers) in attendance upon the Legislature, at his own expense, with reference to this business, and had advanced money to the amount of more than a thousand dollars for the public improvements, and thus found himself burdened with debt again, and greatly embarrassed.

Besides the financial embarrassment there is the discouraging effect of the fruitlessness of his Winter's work in a cause which he knew to be a just one, and his indignation at the folly and injustice of the action of the Legislature.

Of course his house-building is postponed, and his life becomes a severe and toilsome struggle again.

But he shows no signs of faint-heartedness. He goes resolutely forward with the clearing of his farm, and with such other business as comes to his hands.

He moves into the jail house in June, 1802, and writes to his father that he and his whole family are "in jail" at last. From that home it is that the hard-working wife writes in September, 1802: "We have had for a few weeks past, ten or twelve in the family, but hope it will soon be less."

Until December, 1802, the nearest Post-office was at Stroudsburg, (50 miles), and from that time arrangement was made by private enterprise, to run a "Post" to that place once in two weeks.

It was during the last of these three years of trying uncertainty about the county seat, that Mr. Torrey was elected Major of Militia, on the 26th of November, 1804, and was so commissioned by the Governor for a term of seven years. But the title clung to him, and he was popularly known and spoken of as "Major Torrey" to the end of his life.

But as the last of these three trying years is passing away, there is a reviving confidence that justice, as well as the visible seat thereof, is coming back to Bethany. The Legislature of 1804–5 was very positive in recognizing the right of that place to have the county seat, and, in the face of strong influences from Milford, *refused*, by a large majority, to alter the act of 1802, which provided for the removal of the county offices to Milford "*for three years and no longer.*" This refusal carried with it the restoration of the seat of justice to Bethany, and made it sure that the court would hold its sessions there in the Spring of 1805.

In anticipation of this Mr. Torrey had commenced building his house in the Summer of 1804, and "was obliged to lay out the frame himself—42x33, with a kitchen in the rear, 20 feet square, and a porch on the east side of the kitchen, 9 feet wide, and a buttery at the north end of the porch." How familiar it all is in the memory of the surviving members of the family!

The house was hurried, during the Winter, to such completion as that it was opened as a hotel and entertained from 60 to 70 guests during the first court week there, in the Spring of 1805, and the court

itself was held, for the first day, in the East front room of that house, and whatever other conveniences they may have lacked they were certainly able to have a "Bench of Judges," for a carpenter's work-bench, fresh from amid the shavings, was mounted with chairs, and upon it the Honorable Court was perched.

XV

We have noticed how much of the time Mr. Torrey was away from his family, on his frequent trips to Philadelphia and on his surveying campaigns, which would sometimes keep him in the woods for weeks together, and he would scarcely return from one before he must be off on another, or some matter of public interest would be awaiting his return, and would hurry him away without allowing a single night of rest under his own roof.

And so reticent is his journal, for month after month, at times, concerning his family, that you would hardly know that he had any.

But letters written to the parental home at Williamstown reveal the tenderest interest and care for his wife and little boys. Indeed an occasional revelation in that direction is found in the journal, as when, under date of Saturday, February 7, 1801, he writes:

"At evening, Ephraim was badly scalded, which prevents my going to court next week."

Monday, February 9th—"I have sent papers and letters, for trustees, in locked cannister, to Wilson-

ville. I spend the week in attendance upon the burnt child."

In a letter to his parents, written from Philadelphia, July 27, 1803, he speaks of his wife as not being as well as usual and then adds:

"I feel a concern on her account every day of my absence, but to act the part of the eagle in the nest, from the bad report of the sow at the root, would, like other errors, meet censure. Business calls—necessity drives and I obey."

Thus hurried and driven by the pressure of public and private duties, he had little opportunity for either active or restful enjoyment with his family, and even that little was nearly crowded out from all mention by his absorbing business engagements.

The training of the little boys was left, almost entirely to their mother, and safely left there, it would seem, from an occasional report to the grand parents, as when, on July 27, 1803, when the eldest was not yet five, he writes:

"Our boys are promising, and excel in their learning, to which their Mama is especially attentive, and Billy, the oldest, (not yet five years old), is, in his reading, half way through the New Testament."

While, from first to last, in the history of his immediate family, he expected his children, as they grew up, to be self-reliant and self-helpful, and to begin very early in life to be helpful to others also, yet no labor, by night or day, was too severe for him, and no last dollar too precious to be used in making generous provision for the comfort of his household, and when, on account of sickness or any misfortune,

they needed special attention and sympathy, his strong nature responded to the necessity with a care as tender as that of a mother.

Indeed love for his family—an ambitious and affectionate interest in their future, was a deep and controlling impulse with him. It was for the sake of his family that he often seemed to neglect his family, just as it is for the sake of his brood that the paternal eagle often flies furthest from the nest, according to the moral of the fable above referred to.

To use his own form of expression, as already quoted from his earlier diary, while he did not desire that his children should be released, in the future, from the claims of a reasonable and healthful industry, he chose to deprive himself of home comforts and his family of his immediate presence and care, and to go forth on those long and laborious exiles and those ceasless toils and hardships, in order that, by and by, the members of his family might be free from the necessity of slavish and drudging toil. In so far as he had private ends in view, these were his inspiring and controlling motives. And his descendants have realized precisely that result to a large degree, and might have realized it in still larger degree, if a wise use had always been made of what he accomplished for them. His children and his grand children—some in each of these classes are, down to this day, in their old age, or on their sick beds, experiencing various reliefs and comforts which are the legitimate results of his enterprising labors and self-denying hardships and toils.

XVI

Returning now to the current history of events, we find that while the conflict about the county seat of Wayne was in progress, from 1800 to 1805, another and broader conflict, having its nearest seat in the adjoining county of Luzerne, but having the proportions of a State and even of an Inter-state question, was also in progress, and in it Mr. Torrey took a lively interest and an efficient though pacific hand.

This was the controversy with the Connecticut settlers, and originated in this wise:

When the Colony of Connecticut received its charter from the King of England, in 1631, nothing was known of the geography of the country West of the Hudson River. The description of the Territory of Connecticut, in said charter, seems sufficiently interesting and curious to justify inserting it here. The territory is described as "all that part of New England, in America, which lies and extends itself from a river there called Naraganset River, (Long Island Sound), the space of 40 leagues upon a straight line, near the shore towards the Southwest West, and by South or West, as the coast lieth towards Virginia, accounting three English miles to the league: Also all and singular the lands and hereditaments whatsoever lying and being within the bounds aforesaid, North and South, in latitude and breadth aforesaid, throughout the mainlands there, from the Western Ocean (Atlantic) to the South Sea (Pacific.)"

Therefore the Westward boundary of the Colony of Connecticut was *no where*—i. e. the Territory ex-

tended across Hudson River and Westward, indefinitely, even to the Pacific Ocean, so far as appears from this generous charter. It was making a big thing of snug little Connecticut. Very appropriate are the words "*lies* and *extends*" in the charter.

Of course these bounds were found to interfere with the grant made to the Duke of York for the province of New York, because, according to the above charter, Connecticut would stretch entirely across the Southern part of New York, from East to West, and entirely across the Northern part of Pennsylvania also. Therefore the King, in 1664, appointed commissioners to determine the Western boundary of Connecticut, and they fixed it East of the Hudson, nearly where it is now, and the Governor and commissioners of Connecticut signed a formal acceptance of that, as the Western boundary of that colony.

This arrangement was made about 16 years before the grant of Pennsylvania was made to William Penn.

But when, after the revolution, the colonial provinces of Connecticut and Pennsylvania became *states*, Conneticut still claimed the ownership of the Northern part of Pennsylvania under the old charter. The dispute between the States was settled, beyond appeal by the award of a Commission, organized under the provisions of Section 9 of the "Articles of Confederation of the United States." This Commission convened at Trenton in 1782, and, after a session of forty days, decreed that "the State of Conneticut has no right to the lands in controversy."

Also that "the *jurisdiction* of all territory within the charter boundary of Pennsylvania, and now claimed by the State of Connecticut, does of right belong to the State of Pennsylvania."

This settled all questions as between the *states*, but, meanwhile, a large number of settlers had taken up lands and organized 17 townships in the valley of the Susquehanna, under Connecticut authority, *before the time of the Trenton decree.* These men must not be defrauded of their lands *and the improvements they had made on them.*

But these same lands were also claimed, and justly claimed, by men who had purchased them from the State of Pennsylvania.

To secure an equitable adjustment of these conflicting claims, a Commission was appointed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, in 1799, to examine all the claims and fix the amount that each settler, under Connecticut, should justly pay to the State of Pennsylvania in order to the perfecting of his title, and also the amount which the State should pay to those who would thus be required to relinquish the claims which they had purchased from the State.

This Commission performed its delicate and difficult task with much patient labor, and with the utmost impartiality and fairness, and the result should have been a speedy ending of the whole trouble.

But many of the Connecticut settlers rejected the reasonable and easy terms thus offered them and determined to hold their land on the basis of their Connecticut claims, and maintain the sovreignty of those 17 townships under Connecticut authority. So per-

sistent were they in this, through two or three years, that the Governor of Pennsylvania was on the point of using the militia of the State, either to compel them to submission or to eject them from the lands. The Philadelphia land owners (mostly Quakers) were opposed to the employment of any such severe measures as the Governor contemplated, and Mr. Torrey was in sympathy with them. He was also in active though quiet co-operation with them for a whole year, or more, as his private papers of this period show. He was doing business for these landholders, as their agent, in the Northern part of the State, and his business brought him much in contact with the settlers in the Connecticut townships, and he was quietly using his influence to prevent an open conflict between the settles and the State, and bring about a peaceful arrangement of the whole controversy.

It was on March 1, 1803, just about three years after the Commission of adjustment was appointed by the Governor, and when about two years of resistance on the part of the Connecticut settlers to the awards of that commission, had wrought up the controversy between them and the authorities of the State almost to the point of a violent and bloody conflict, that Mr. Torrey writes to his parents from Philadelphia as follows:

"When I left home last Monday I expected to be absent four weeks. I now expect to be at home a week from this day."

"The urgency of my return is occasioned by an interference between the landholders and the Ex-

ecutive of the State, relative to the Connecticut settlers in Luzerne. The Governor has proposed sending a military force, and we (i. e.: the landholders and Mr. Torrey) are for bringing them to an amicable settlement."

"In this I flatter myself with some success; at least sufficient to avert a civil war with them."

"For the last twelvemonth, I have taken the position of a meditator between the landholders and the intruders. Both parties have embraced my proposals and it now remains to put the plan in operation."

"The law knows no such thing as compromise between the injured and the offender. To punish the one and restore to the other are its only means. But when the offender acknowledges his crime, comes forward with an honorable restitution and allies himself by strong ties of interest to the party he has injured, the Executive may forgive the injury, and even promote and encourage the measure."

"The mission upon which I am now engaged will decide the fate of the Connecticut settlers, who are under a Connecticut claim. If they treat for a purchase, they may, from intruders—violators of the laws of the State, and of the United States—become valuable citizens and good members of society. If these terms are rejected, force will speedily compel them, and they may be exterminated from the country."

It would seem, from a comparison of these private papers of Mr. Torrey with the known history of the period, that while the Connecticut settlers were for a year or two (1802 and 1803) in a state of unarmed

resistance to, and rebellion against, the laws and executive authorities of the State, Mr. Torrey, without appearing in the public history at all, was able, in an obscure but effective way, to exert a pacifying influence upon the troubled waters of the time. Representing, in a manner, the Quaker land-owners, who were regarded by the rebellious settlers as their antagonists and adversaries, and at the same time familiar with the settlers by personal intercourse, and having their confidence as a disinterested party, he was able to persuade them that their Connecticut claims were legally untenable and morally unjustifiable, and to convince them also of the kind feeling of the Quaker claimants, and the fairness of the terms offered by them, and thus to consummate the negotiation and settlement with which he had been privately entrusted, and which evidently assisted largely in the healing of the whole difficulty.

Doubtless there are men now in the Wyoming valley, whose fathers or grandfathers would have been driven from their homes by military force, but for this peaceful negotiation, and who, by this negotiation, were converted from mistaken violators and resisters of the law to peaceful and permanent and valuable citizens.

"*Blessed are the peacemakers.*"

"There was a little city and few men within it: and there came a great king against it, and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it. Now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he by his wisdom delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man."—Ecc. ix, 14, 15.

XVII

We return to Wayne County. With the county seat restored to Bethany and established there, a healthful prosperity and rapid growth was secured to that young village which was springing up in the midst of the woods.

There was also a rapid influx of settlers to purchase farms and clear up the surrounding country.

Writing to his father, from Bethany, in March, 1805, Jason says:

"The place is thronged with people seeking situations for settlement, and I conceive the place has a preference, when considered under all its advantages, to any of which I have knowledge."

So much has been said in these pages about the opening of Bethany, because it has seemed the only way of producing this part of Mr. Torrey's biography. His life was quite identified, for the time, with that of the starting village. Its quickened prosperity brought prosperity and success to him. His property there becomes valuable and available. The agency for nearly all the land-holders gradually comes into his hands, so that he has a paying and permanent and congenial business. The money that he advanced to the new county, three years ago, is refunded to him.

Intelligent and enterprising people make their homes there and society comes into existence, and religious meetings are held—often in his house, and a school is started as a private enterprise by him and Esquire Bunting.

January 13, 1807, he writes: "Several persons have recently made a public profession of religion here, and next Sunday (18th) the Lord's Supper is to be administered for the first time in Bethany. The services are to be at my house."

About the first of June, 1811, a Post-office was first established at Bethany (Solomon Moore, P. M.), and they rejoiced in the luxury of a weekly mail, coming from Wilkes-Barre, by way of Mt. Pleasant to Bethany and Milford, and returning through Paupack settlement and Cobb's Gap.

This was quite luxurious, and something like civilization, for only a few years ago the nearest Post-office for them at Mt. Pleasant was as far off as Bethlehem, and for a long time the friends at Williamstown were directed to send letters addressed to "Beech Woods, Northamton County, Pa., to remain at Wilkes-Barre till called for."

In October, 1808, Mr. Torrey entered into mercantile partnership with the above mentioned Solomon Moore, a young man of excellent business qualifications and very accurate business habits, which partnership continued until March, 1814, and Mr. Moore's youngest daughter is now for 30 years or more the wife of Mr. Torrey's oldest grandson, E. W. Weston, of Scranton.

During the first 10 years of the residence of the family in Bethany (from 1802 to 1812) six children were born into the household—two daughters and four sons, as follows:

Minerva, born September 19, 1804.

Maria, born January 1, 1806.

John, born April 13, 1807.
Stephen, born November 9, 1808.
Asa, born October 13, 1810.
Charles, born July 17, 1812.

In 1811, the first death occurred in the family. The third child, Nathaniel, born at Mt. Pleasant, November 16, 1800, died August 20, 1811, not quite 11 years old. His disease was a "billious fever accompanied by nervous affections that were exceedingly baffling to medicines."

No information is furnished us concerning any characteristics of the boy, but he had reached an interesting age and the parting with him was a new experience to these parents, whose life was so busy, and to this group of six brothers and sisters, who were old enough to know that there was a vacancy at the table and in the sleeping rooms, and one voice silenced from their plays.

Five days after this death, there goes a deeply tender and thoughtful letter to the entire family at Williamstown, expressing this, among other thoughts, that the event ought to produce "a religious sensibility, far surpassing that which proceeds from the personal or parental disappointment of our expectations and prospects for a promising son."

Almost precisely two years later—July 25, 1813, a larger and sadder vacancy was occasioned by the departure of the wife and mother.

This was occasioned by a violent form of an epidemic fever, running through full 20 days.

As the end drew near, her tranquility and clearness of mind were quite remarkable, as shown in the

counsels and consolations she gave, severally, to husband and children and some neighbors who were present. A parting interview with the husband alone continued for more than an hour.

Another full and tender letter goes to the family at Williamstown, August 2, 1813, revealing a very high estimation of the excellence and worth of the departed wife and mother, and deep grief for the loss that had befallen himself and the children.

The religious impressions made upon him were very profound and effective.

Near the beginning of his letter he says:

"My heart is too full for details. I beg your united prayers that this afflicting stroke of God's providence may be sanctified to my spiritual good and to the good of our family, and that neither I nor mine may ever again become forgetful of Him whose we are, and from whom we derive every blessing."

This language has the more significance because his parents and brothers and sister, for whose intelligent piety he had the utmost respect, had been very faithful to him, and he had often asknowledged to them his appreciation of the claims of personal religion upon him and confessed to a strange and guilty neglect of those claims.

And so, further along, he says: "Although I cannot but bemoan my loss, in tears of sorrow and grief, for myself and for my little ones, yet I feel the justice of the stroke too sensibly to raise a murmur against the chastening hand," and then adds: "I have lain in a state of spiritual torper for years. It has been destructive of my enjoyment, even social and in

domestic life, but more in those of the mind. I feel that less affliction than has been given would not have animated me, and if this does not, I believe more and greater will follow."

"Great God! enable me to profit by the past and stay thy chastening hand."

XVIII

Major Torrey's youngest brother, Ephraim, was now living near him at Bethany. Ephraim's wife was a woman of the highest excellence of character and of superior intelligence and good sense, of whom Jason had said, in his journal, when she came to his house, as a bride, in October, 1806: "I have but just seen her, but quickly discover some of her mother's traits of activity."

And now, in 1813, this Aunt Eunice, as she came to be called by her numerous nephews and nieces, not only, but afterwards, as an aged widow was affectionately so called by everybody in and about Bethany, until she died in 1870—this Aunt Eunice, of sweet and blessed memory, bravely and kindly, with the consent and co-operation of her husband, came with him and her children into brother Jason's house and assumed the care of that large family of children, made still larger by the addition of her own.

Hardly could Jason's children have been better provided for during those needy years. For among the excellences of Aunt Eunice's genial character,

none perhaps was more marked than the facility with which she could secure the respect and affection of the young, and the effectiveness with which she could stimulate their minds and instruct and influence them.

Very thankful was brother Jason to have his motherless children in such hands, as well he might be, because his enlarging business was, if possible, more exacting upon him than ever before.

He had hoped with returning prosperity to have more of leisure. But at no time was he more driven and pressed, at home and away from home, than now. Large areas of unsettled lands, covering much of what is now Wayne and Pike Counties, and extending into Luzerne and Susquehanna, had been placed in his care.

This was partly the fruit of seed sown during those discouraging periods at Philadelphia. He was at that time much in personal contact with the large land-owners and served them in their offices, and they not only became acquainted with the remarkable versatility of his business capabilities, and accuracy and thoroughness of his business habits, but they acquired an almost unlimited confidence in his personal integrity. His name was a guarantee for the thoroughest uprightness. This confidence was confirmed by their subsequent experience of him, as he attended to various matters of business for them from his log house at Mt. Pleasant, and so, when the time was ripe for it, this extensive land-agency came spontaneously into his hands. And he never once disappointed that confidence, but, forty years after-

ward, those men delighted to tell of the beautiful accuracy, and complete fidelity, even to the nicest degree of truthfulness and integrity, with which the extensive business, so long entrusted to him, had been transacted.

Returning now from this digression to complete what was being said about the pressure of business that was upon Mr. Torrey at the time that his faithful wife was taken from him and the genial and helpful "Aunt Eunice" came into his house, it remains only to be stated that these vast areas of unsettled lands, of which he had the agency, had been surveyed only in large tracts, often of thousands of acres, and must be divided into smaller lots, say of 100 acres each, more or less, and this work kept him in the woods during almost the whole of several Summers and Autumns—especially the Autumns, after the leaves were off the trees, which was the best time in the year for surveying, until the snows of Winter drove him in. So long were these campaigns in the woods, that he was sometimes for an entire month without seeing a human dwelling, except as he would sometimes get a distant view of one from some high hill-top, which had been cleared of its standing trees by a whirlwind. Otherwise there were no views to be had even from the highest summits of the hills.

And then, when driven in by the Winter storms, he was obliged to shut himself in his office, and make up for the short days by adding the long evenings, often until midnight or after, in order to make the calculations from his accumulated field notes, and construct the drafts and maps by which alone the work

of the Summer and Autumn could be brought to completion.

The violent contrast between the months of severe muscular activity in the woods, and those other months of close confinement in the office, was very trying to his physical constitution, and succeeded in making an old man of him by the time he was 50.

Those who only knew him from that time (as was the case with the writer of this sketch) knew him as a somewhat decrepid old gentleman, with fire enough in his eye, and energy enough in his voice and gesture, but with a slow and infirm step, walking always slowly and with a cane, about the grounds of his home, but with his horse and carriage always at hand, and generally, through the day-time, standing at the door, ready for any greater distances.

He compensated himself as best he could, for his physical infirmity, by the smartness of his horse. No safe and plodding old nag, to crawl around with him! The sturdiest and most spirited animal obtainable, and one that could trot up hill as well as down, and that had life enough to be gay on proper occasions, was the horse for him. And nobody must drive for him. I have known him, when he was over 70 years old and so infirm that it required two of his strong sons to help him down the steps of the house and into his carriage, which was quite open at the sides, in front of the seat—I have known him, when returning from a ride and letting himself slowly down by the side of the carriage, precisely between the wheels, and seeing the horse badly frightened by some passing object, to stand helpless and fearless

between the wheels, holding himself up with one hand upon the waggon, and, instead of asking his attendants to help him or to hold the frightened horse, he would lift his strong cane high above the animal's back and speak to him with a voice that made it evident to the startled but sagacious creature that no horse of his, whether frightened or not, could be allowed to stir an inch from his tracks without his permission. And, when he was sure that that impression was fully made, he would drop his cane to the ground, and, with a hearty laugh at the ludicrousness of the whole performance, grope slowly out from between the wheels.

XIX

Among the settlements outside of Wayne County, with which Mr. Torrey's business early brought him into acquaintance, was one in Susquehanna County known as "Nine Partners," for the reason that nine New England men came, with their families, as a colony, and purchased jointly, a large tract of land, situated in some branching valleys of little brooks, between some very sharp and high hills, in what is now the town of Harford in that county.

They were puritans of the straightest kind—"orthodox," not only to the fullest extent of the Westminster catechism, but to the extent of Hopkinsianism, so that one of the *prima facie* tests of Christian character among them, even up to 1820,

consisted in a personal willingness to be lost if God could be glorified thereby.

With their puritan faith there was a deep seated love for education, which soon bore fruit in the establishment of an uncommonly good school.

Conspicuous among these nine partners was a Mr. John Tyler, whose wife was a daughter of the third Rev. Peter Thatcher, referred to on page 10.

This John Tyler had four sons, the list of whose names has a sort of poppinjay sound, thus: John, Job, Joab and Jabez. Also five daughters, whose names were Mary, Mercy, Polly, Nanny and Achsah.

They were a staunch family, and as those sons and daughters came to have sons and daughters of their own, they provided for them the best educational advantages that could be had in the new country, and in the most substantial respects these amounted to much. A fondness for learning was inherited by their children. The only son of John, the eldest of the brothers, worked his way through college and became a brilliant professor at Cazenovia Seminary, N. Y., and while in that position he died at an early age, greatly lamented, and the faculty and students of the seminary erected what was, at that time, a fine marble monument over his grave in the beautiful cemetery of that village, and his high praise may now be translated from the latin inscriptions on that monument.

The three sons of Joab, who were his only children, all worked their way through college, and the oldest, Prof. William S. Tyler, is now the Nestor of

the faculty of Amhurst College, and one of the finest Greek scholars in the land.

I say they "worked" their way through college because the most that their father could do for them was to spare them from the farms, and they were obliged to earn the money needed for getting their education, as best they could.

The youngest of the five Tyler daughters, Achsah, became the wife of a young Presbyterian minister, Rev. Whiting Griswold, who was pastor of a church at Hartwick, Otsego County, N. Y., and died there, greatly lamented, after only a few years of ministry. Men who were connected with that church at the time, have delighted to speak, 40 years afterwards, with enthusiasm, of the excellence and usefulness of their Pastor's wife, and the special affection and admiration with which she was regarded by her husband's parishners.

On becoming a widow she returned to her old home at Nine Partners, so as to be near her brothers and sisters, and resided in a snug little house of her own which constituted a home for her and her two children, a boy and a girl, then but a few years old.

Meanwhile Mr. Torrey, as far back as when he lived at Mt. Pleasant was accustomed to go occasionally to Nine Partners on surveying business for the Tylers and others. These business visits brought him into acquaintance with Achsah Tyler before she was married to Mr. Griswold, and after the death of *her* husband and of *his* wife the acquaintance was renewed and resulted in their marriage, August 4, 1816.

This marriage was an exceedingly happy one for him. Hardly would it have been possible to bring a sweeter, nobler and better woman into his family. Writing to his parents just a year after this marriage, he makes this significant statement concerning his wife:

"The affectionate ascendancy which she early gained and retains, to an eminent degree, over the children, is unusual, and I do not think that cases are frequent when the attatchment of children to a natural mother equals theirs to her."

Her religious influence in the family seems to have been marked and fruitful—connecting itself with and adding itself to that of the excellent example and tender fidelity of the previous wife, the husband was lifted out of his long continued procrastination into a public and cordial profession of his Christian faith, and ever after, his attitude was clear and decided, and his activity in the church ceaseless.

Very nearly at the same time five of the eldest six of his children, four sons and the daughter, Maria, became members of the same church.

As a fruit of this second happy marriage, there came two more sons into the family at Bethany—James, born September 9, 1817, and David born November 13, 1818.

Of the Griswold children, Joab, the elder, left the family at Bethany during his minority and went to an apprenticeship at Harford, under the care of his uncle Joab, who was also his guardian, and at about the age of 30 went with his family to California where he became a member of the Legislature, and

died a few years ago, a much-esteemed judge in the City of Stockton.

The young Achsah Melissa was welcomed and beloved as a sister in the family at Bethany, and was married to J. C. Gunn, of Utica, in 1835, and soon after came with him to Honesdale, which has been their residence till now.

This special connection with the Tylers at Nine Partners was of great value to Mr. Torrey also by bringing him into acquaintance with the excellent school that had sprung up there, and with the advanced interest manifested in higher education there, to the influence of which he was, by his natural tastes and aspirations, very susceptable. The result was that during the decade and a half from 1818 to 1833 *all* the sons and daughters, 10 in number, from William to David, were, first and last, and sometimes as many as five at a time, in that school, not only profiting by its direct advantages, but enjoying also the almost equal benefit of the simple but beautiful culture, intellectual and moral, literary and religious, of the various excellent families into which they were received, not merely as boarders, but as sons and daughters The intellectual and religious growth of most of them was greatly advanced by these opportunities and influences. One effect was to enlarge their minds and hearts to purposes of broad usefulness, so that Ephraim went as a teacher, and was more than a teacher, in his influence at Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., and there was awakened in Stephen an almost resistless impulse toward the Christian ministry, from which only failing health deterred him, and William

was led forth as a foreign missionary to the Spanish speaking people of Buenos Ayres in South America. He went to that country, under the auspices of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, in November, 1826.

He remained there twelve years, when a stop was put to his work by legal enactments making it a criminal offense to preach or teach in the Spanish language, which of course cut him off entirely from the work he intended to do.

It is perhaps worth while to say one or two things just here, in a sort of parenthetic appendix to this chapter.

1 The years about which we have found it so easy to write in these last pages, were years of great financial stringency in the new settlements. Business was active and prosperous, but it had to be transacted mostly without money. On the 8th of August, 1825, Mr. Torrey writes thus to his brother, David, at Williamstown:

"There is a general scarcity of money, which deprives us of all chance of hiring it. I have for several years been in advance several thousand dollars to the largest landed interest in this county, from the settlers, on which I hold contracts, bonds and judgments to the amount of about $70,000, from all which I have not been able, with the aid of the sheriff, to collect even enough to meet the taxes and expenditures accruing from year to year without driving the settlers to absolute sacrifice of property."

That is to say, as the agent of the large land owners in Philadelphia, he held, for them, obligations

against the purchasing settlers to the amount of $70,000, and yet he could not collect even money enough to pay taxes, etc., let alone sending any money to Philadelphia. The settlers did not pay because they could not, and father advanced for the land owners several thousands of dollars to avoid the the necessity of subjecting the settlers to the sacrifice of their property. How this stringency was relieved we shall see in the next chapter.

2 The progress of the events narrated in these same last pages having carried us beyond the date of the birth of the narrator, it will accord better with his fillial feelings to use the word *father* hereafter instead of the name of Mr. Torrey.

3 The reference above to the Harford school suggests some account of the origin of schools at Bethany. In 1803, father and Esquire Bunting engaged a teacher on their own responsibility, requiring other parents to pay $2 per quarter for each child sent, and they making up whatever deficiency might occur in the payment of the teacher's salary. In some such voluntary manner a school was maintained in a log school house, for a part of every year, till 1809, during which year a frame building was erected and paid for by subscription, and the school continued much as before.

In 1813, an act was passed by the Legislature incorporating the "Beech Woods Academy," at Bethany, and appropriating $1,000 on condition that the like sum should be raised by the people. But it was several years before the people availed themselves of this appropriation.

Meanwhile, in 1814, brother William was attending a classical school in Sharon, Conn., taught by a Mr. Daniel Parker, and father wrote to this Mr. Parker asking him to send them a good teacher, and agreeing that he and one or two others would be responsible that the teacher's compensation should amount to, *at least*, a certain specified sum, leaving him the privilege of making as much beyond that specified sum, as he could.

This resulted in the coming of young Amzi Fuller to teach in Bethany, who afterwards became one of the most valuable and conspicuous citizens of the county.

In 1816 action was taken for securing the erection of the "Beech Woods Academy," with the aid of the appropriation from the State, and the school lots which had been set apart for that object by the county trustees, and conveyed in trust to father and Judge Abisha Woodward and Isaac Dimmick, were by them transferred to the trustees of the Academy, and the walls of a brick building were erected to the height of the first story. But the building was not ready for occupancy till the Winter of 1820 and 1821, when our brother Ephraim was the first teacher in it, after recovering from a sickness incurred while teaching in Walton, Delaware County, N. Y.

This was a substantial brick building, with rooms above and below for two grades of pupils, and was a creditable institution for many years. Amzi Fuller's brother, Thomas, taught in it about 1824, called there doubtless through the influence of his brother, who was very active with father and others in press-

ing the Academy to completion and keeping it in operation. Thomas Fuller also became an honored citizen and prominent lawyer in the county.

About 1826, or 1827, when I was eight or nine years old, Mr. L. C. Judson, father of the famous "Ned Buntline," was principal of the Academy, and under his administration an incident occurred which illustrates at once the familiarity of the children with scripture history and the parental care which the prominent men took of the morals of the youth who were being educated there.

The large "green" in front of the Academy, although it had a fine smooth turf, had never been plowed and its surface was very uneven because of the "cradle knolls" and the hollows between them, and after a copious rain, these hollows constituted little lakes of water, half-knee deep. One day at the noon recess, my friend Johnson Olmstead and I marshalled the hosts of Israel, consisting of about 30 or 40 boys and girls, and I personated Moses and he Aaron. I smote the waters with a very simple rod and he led the army through one sea after another on anything but "dry ground," and this process was kept up with undampened enthusiasm till we were all called to the afternoon school. Of course everything else was dampened except our enthusiasm. But we were all used to that kind of exposure and were no more disturbed about sitting in school with wet feet and ancles than would a company of Micronesian children be in the torrid zone.

But a solemn time awaited us. Scarcely were we arranged in the school for our afternoon work, when

there marched into the room the stately forms of Major Torrey and Deacon Olmstead—the fathers of the young Moses and Aaron. The teacher had quietly sent for them. The school was brought to a standstill and Johnson and I were arraigned for making sport of sacred things. We were innocent as babes of any bad intention and could honestly avow our sincere reverence for Moses and Aaron and the scriptures. But we had a long lecture from the teacher, endorsed and emphasized by our parents, and after censure and warning, were allowed exemption from further punishment, on the ground that we had only been guilty of thoughtlessness and not of any profane intentions.

4 The earliest church organization in what is now Wayne County, was a Free-communion Baptist Church, of six members, that was organized at Stantonville on the 28th of June 1796.

The settlement of Bethany began in the year 1800. The place was visited from time to time by missionaries and other ministers of various ecclesiastical denominations, and some of these visits were fruitful in religious awakenings, as was notably the case with a visit of Rev. Messrs. Thompson and Peck, Baptist clergymen, from Mt. Pleasant, during the Winter of 1805 and 1806, and after that time, when they had no preaching, meetings for prayer and reading sermons were regularly sustained.

In January, 1808, father writes to Williamstown, saying: "We have Methodist preaching, regularly, once in two weeks," and in 1810, a Methodist class

was organized in the Drinker House, then occupied by Joseph Miller.

"The Congregational Church of Salem and Palmyra had been organized in 1805, and in 1812, the *congregation* of that church embraced also Canaan and Dybury, including Bethany. These four communities united in 1812 for the support of a pastor, and Rev. Worthington Wright (a missionary under the Connecticut Home Missionary Society) was engaged for three years, with the agreement that he should reside at Bethany, because considerably more than half his support came from there, and because also that was now by far the most important of the four communities.

Rev. Phineas Camp, a missionary of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, labored for several months at Bethany in 1818, and so fruitful was his work that quite a large number of persons desired an opportunity of connecting themselves with the Presbyterian Church by profession of their faith in Christ.

Consequently a few days before the departure of Mr. Camp to some other field of missionary labor, viz.: on Tuesday, September 22d, 1818, a church was organized with 11 members, of which Achsah Torrey (wife of Jason) was one, and of which Dr. Virgil M. Dibol, practicing physician in Bethany, being another, was elected and ordained elder, and on the next Sunday, 18 persons of whom father was one, made a public profession of their faith, making the church to consist of 29 members. This church and the charter society connected with it, had a strong and

healthful growth, so that it was able in 1823 and 1824, to build for itself a house of worship which was a noticeably fine one for the time, and is still standing and in use, though robbed by decay, of the tall and handsome spire that once surmounted it.

Of this society father was an active trustee so long as he remained in business, and of this church an elder from 1818 to the end of his life.

XX

The Delaware and Hudson Canal Company.

The events of the last chapter bring us to the time when there dawned upon the inhabitants of Wayne County the knowledge of a new enterprise which was destined to influence very largely the development and prosperity of Northeastern Pennsylvania.

Extensive deposits of anthracite coal were found to exist in the Lackawanna Valley—the nearest deposits being about 17 miles from Bethany at the place where Carbondale now is.

To get this coal to the New York market it seemed necessary to bring it over by rail from the Lackawanna Valley, the waters of which flow into the Susquehanna, to the Lackawaxen Valley, the waters of which flow into the Delaware. Between these two valleys lay the Moosic range of mountains. Between the Eastern edge of the Lackawanna coal deposits and the nearest waters of the Lackawaxen was a

pass in the mountain range, known as Rix's Gap, where the altitude did not exceed 1,000 feet above either of the valleys. The coal brought by rail over this pass could be transported by water down the Lackawaxen to the Delaware, and then down the Delaware to a point from which a canal could be constructed up the Neversink, through Orange County, and then down the Rondout Creek to the Hudson.

The magnitude and boldness of this enterprise, by which a canal was to be construced from the Hudson River 110 miles into the wilderness, and complemented by a railway over the passes of the Moosic Mountain, seem the greater when we reflect that the coal for the transportation of which all was to be done, was almost entirely unknown beyond its immediate locality.

Outside of Eastern Pennsylvania there were and are no large deposits of *anthracite* coal known in the world. It was entirely unused beyond the region where it lay, but these enterprising and sagacious men were so satisfied of its value and usefulness that they put their hands to the gigantic endeavor of getting it to market for use.

Very clear to us, therefore, will be the significance of the historic fact that in March 1823 the Legislature of Pennsylvania passed an act authorizing *Maurice Wurtz*, of Philadelphia, to "Improve the navigation of the Lackawaxen." It would seem that, not a canal along the Lackawaxen, but the slack-water navigation of that stream, was contemplated at this time.

In April of the same year, the Legislature of New York incorporated the Delaware and Hudson Canal Company and authorized them to construct a canal from the Delaware River, at the mouth of the Lackawaxen, to the Hudson River—all within the State of New York.

During the next year (1824) it became desirable that permission be obtained from the Legislature of Pennsylvania, for a transfer to the Canal Company, (with Mr. Wurtz's consent,) of the right to improve the navigation of the Lackawaxen and thus permit the company to extend its works into Pennsylvania.

It was evident also that in order to secure this legislation in behalf of a New York corporation, there must be some influential advocacy of the measure on the part of citizens of that part of Pennsylvania through which the new transportation route would extend. Father took a lively interest in this advocacy, as did also Messrs. Amzi Fuller and N. B. Eldred and Judge Abisha Woodward and others, father not only giving largely of his time, but contributing liberally to cover expenses of others seeking the same object. In April, 1825, the Legislature passed the act authorizing the above mentioned transfer.

Father also acted energetically and efficiently with the same gentlemen in securing additional legislation in behalf of the Canal Company, as it was needed, in 1826.

Viz.: In February, 1826, an act authorizing the Canal Company to construct *a canal* instead of slack water navigation on the Lackawaxen. And in April

of the same year an act authorizing the construction of a railroad from their coal mines to the canal; provided such railroad shall not extend further from their mines than to the "Forks of the Dyberry on the West Branch of the Lackawaxen, or to the Belmont and Eastern Turnpike on the Wallenpaupack"—thus leaving the Company to choose between the two routes.

After the passage of this last act it soon became evident that the route by Dyberry Forks would be preferred to that up the Wallenpaupack, and then for a while it was expected that *Keen's Pond*, near Waymart, would be the head of the canal.

But the engineers and officers of the Company soon manifested a preference not to extend the canal further than Dyberry Forks, or, at furthest, to the level space of the Blandin farm, near where the Company's "pockets" now are.

In addition to the general interest which father, together with all other citizens, had taken in the construction of the canal and railroad, he now came to have a strong personal interest in the location of the *Western Terminus* of the canal, because he providentially owned a tract of land at Dyberry Forks which was *one* of the contemplated points of that location.

I say *providentially* for special reason.

Many years after these events of which I have been speaking, when the canal had been in operation for a quarter of a century, father said to me one day, that his industry and his eager business plans had provided for the sustainance of himself and his

family and had enabled him to do something for the public, but had brought no accumulations of wealth to him. In so far as he had these they had come to him from unexpected sources.

One illustration of this fact was found in what we have already noticed that the county seat at Bethany was located on lands that he had been enabled to secure for Mr. Drinker, in the midst of a then unbroken wilderness, and for his special services therein, Mr. Drinker had conveyed to him 400 acres of land adjoining East of the county town, which he considered as having come into his possession by no planning of his own.

We now have occasion to speak of another illustration of the same fact.

About the year 1800, a full quarter of a century before the canal was contemplated, Mr. William Schoonover had an improvement on the Dyberry Flats, about a mile above the "Forks," but had taken no steps to secure a title to it. Though his improvement gave him a first right to purchase not exceeding 400 acres, he was, by neglecting to avail himself of it, in danger of losing much the greater part of that right, as warrants had already been issued to Mr. Nicholson, which largely interfered with that right. Father as a neighbor warned him of his danger, and assured him of his right to locate 400 acres at the land office price, if he would attend to it. Mr. Schoonover could not readily raise the needful money, and knew nothing as to what action on his part would be necessary to secure the land. He, therefore, arranged with father to furnish the money

and have the necessary steps taken to secure the title, and take for his compensation and risk, the part of the land which Mr. Schoonover did not need for his farm.

Father undertook the business, with every step of which he was familiar, and secured the title, and received from Mr. Schoonover a deed for the South part of the tract which was then an unbroken forest.

For twenty years father tried to make a sale of it to persons disposed to settle in the county, but was unable to induce any one to purchase it. He tried to induce Mr. Benjamin Jenkins to purchase and settle on it in 1817, but he preferred to locate where Prompton now is, at a greater price.

So that the southern half of the Schoonover tract stuck to father's hands, in spite of all his efforts to the contrary, until the canal was projected and then he was not so anxious to get rid of it, for, from 1825 or 1826, there began to be a chance that the terminus of the canal would be there, and in fact the Northern half of the village of Honesdale is on that tract which father had obtained by a sort of accident, and retained by a sort of compulsion.

This ownership affords sufficient reason for the fact that, in 1826, father was personally interested in the question, then undecided, whether the canal should terminate at Dyberry Fork's or at Keen's Pond.

As was said above the officers of the Company were manifesting a preference for Dyberry Forks, and the degree of father's expectancy is indicated in a letter written to his brother as early as March of

that year, only a month after the act authorizing the canal along the Lackawaxen was passed, in which he says:

"If we shall not be disappointed respecting the canal, as relates to this coming season, I must make improvements at the Forks."

In order to bring on a decision in favor of Dyberry Forks, he proposed to the Company that if the head of the canal should be located on his land, at that place, he would give to the Company a half interest in the entire village plot which would be located there.

Without receiving any acceptance of his proposal, he so far expected its early acceptance, and it was so generally understood that the head of the canal would be on his land, that he arranged that very season to have land immediately cleared for part of a village plot and built a boarding house with a room for the engineers of the Canal Company.

Still the question of the precise location of the head of the canal remained unsettled through the next Winter, for, on February 10, 1827. Father writes thus to his brother David:

"We must expect a scarcity of money here until the location of our canal shall be fixed. We have long been expecting it and now expect it for next Spring. It is located within 15 miles, and made within about 40 miles.

I. e.: At the opening of the Spring of 1827, the canal was actually made or nearly completed as far as Port Jervis, and its location definitely fixed as far as

the Narrows of the Lackawaxen (now Kimball's) and no further.

At the opening of the next season (1827) gangs of men were employed and set to work at Dyberry Forks, so that chopping and burning and logging were the order of the day, and before the end of Summer of that year, the location of the head of the canal at that place had been authoritively determined upon, for, in August, after the ground of the flat space North of the West Branch was so much cleared that it could be seen, Mr. Bolton, the president of the Company, spent a few days there, and on the 13th day of that month, a formal contract was executed by father on his own behalf, and by Mr. Bolton on behalf of the D. & H. C. Co., of which he was president, whereby it was stipulated that the head of the canal should be located on father's property, and that the Canal Company should be equally interested with father, in the village plot which should be located there, and Mr. Bolton engaged that on reaching New York he would have a copy of the contract, with the Company's corporate seal affixed, sent to father. Before Mr. Bolton left he and father made a plan for the village.

Up to this time father's co-operation with the officers and agents of the Company in promoting its interests had been very active and intimate, and that the value of his co-operation was cordially appreciated and estimated in a most friendly spirit is abundantly shown in the voluminous correspondence between him and President Bolton and others at the time.

But in September of the same year the contract, only a month old, was laid before the board of directors of the Company and they declined to approve it.

At the same time they decided to locate the head of the canal on a tract of land adjoining, South of father's, which Mr. Wurtz had recently purchased, and which he subsequently conveyed to the Canal Company.

The fact of the quiet repudiation of such a contract would very naturally cause that the co-operation between him and the company's agents should be less intimate and active than before. And the result was that father and the Canal Company each had a village plot in Honesdale, and each part of the town has had an honorable and prosperous history.

The boundary between father's land and that of the Company as arranged by them, is a line running across the plain from East to West through the middle of the court house square and precisely between the legs of the bronze statue on the soldiers' monument there.

XXI

Settlement of Honesdale.

So it remains true that Dyberry Forks *was* decided upon in the early Summer of 1827, as the place for the Western terminus of the canal and the Eastern terminus of the railroad, and the immediate establishment of a large business and the springing up of

a considerable town there, were, at once, assured things.

Father, residing at Bethany, three miles away, arranged for the vigorous continuance of the clearing of his land there, and the laying out of his part of the village.

The above mentioned boarding house, which was built during the previous Autumn, was on the point of land between the West Branch and the Dyberry, within a hundred feet of each. A half-mile west from that point a dam was constructed across the West Branch and a saw mill erected and put in operation.

I remember that one day that Summer, when I was eight years old, my father took me in his carriage from Bethany, in the morning, and we reached the spot where the boarding house stood, where we took dinner with the bronzed and hungry workmen.

Before going home we got into the carriage and drove Westward along a narrow, rooty, muddy road, part of the way among the stumps, loose brush and fallen trees, and then through a thicket of high and crooked and tough rhoda-dendrons (large-leafed laurels) to the site of the aforesaid saw mill, I having to get out once or twice, on the way, to pull some troublesome laurel stick—as winding as a ram's horn and nearly as hard—from between the spokes of our wagon wheel. Such was the condition of things, just then, in the early Summer of 1827—no house nearer than Mr. Schoonover's, and no road West of Dyberry except the one I have just described.

Soon, among the stumps and snags, the Forbes house (Wayne County Hotel) and the Foster house made their appearance as the first buildings of the place, and then the growth was rapid—not only the material but the moral and social advancement of the place was very rapid—strong men, in the vigor of their young manhood, and men of excellent character, were brought there by the Canal Company and by the exigences of business, and the village sprang, almost at once, into a condition not only of healthful business prosperity, but of much social elevation and high-toned moral and religious strength.

The quick-grown village early received the name of Honesdale, in honor of Philip Hone, of New York, Mr. Bolton's successor in the presidency of the Canal Company.

In all this progress of the village, material, moral and social, father took a lively interest, though he could by no means have, directly and personally, so active a hand in the development of Honesdale as he had had in that of Bethany.

He retained his residence at Bethany until several years after the death of my mother, who was seized away from us by a sudden sickness, in the very prime of her life, at the age of 49 years—though such was the matronly dignity of her manner and the style of her dress, especially in the wearing of caps with broad, flaring ruffles, that she always seemed an elderly lady to me.

A few years after her death, his daughters having families of their own, and he, finding it difficult, after various experiments, to keep up his separate family

at Bethany in a satisfactory way, was invited in 1835 to find a home in the admirably ordered household of his son John at Honesdale.

Within two or three years after this, he was stricken with paralysis, and though he survived for several years, they were years of great physical infirmity and much physical distress, but the soundness of his judgment and his capability of discriminating thought remained with him until he peacefully died, at the age of 76 years, on the day before Thanksgiving, November 21, 1848.

During the last few years of his life he made appropriations to objects of Christian benevolence amounting to about eleven thousand dollars.

XXII

I have been impatient for an opportunity, but have not found it until now, to take a closer and clearer view of father's religious attitude, and to attempt a somewhat analytical enquiry into the religious side of his character.

We have noticed that he did not connect himself with the Christian church until after his second marriage, when he was 46 years old.

But there is abundant evidence that, from his youth, he was possessed of a deep and abiding religious faith, and that this faith habitually influenced and controlled him in the direction of moral integrity and religious reverence. Even his diary, revealing as it does an almost ceaseless pressure of muscular

and mental toil—taxing his powers to their utmost, reveals also a constant recognition of the claims of personal religion—often by a spontaneous declaration of the supreme excellence of those claims and the transcendent value of religious things.

He discloses what seems a truly Christian and most unaffected interest in the religious welfare of the community in which he dwells. If an Evangelical Christian minister came to Bethany, father's house was not only open for his personal entertainment, but for the holding of his public services, on Sunday or at any time in the week. And if there was manifest any special religious interest in the community, resulting in the conversion of his neighbors, he expresses the most sincere and delighted interest in it, and makes record of it, and writes to his parents about it with what seems a truly Christian gratitude and gladness.

Never does a shadow of unbelief seem to cross his mind. Never is there a moment's rejection of any of the principles of Christian truth, or the slightest exhibition of a spirit of antagonism to the demands of God's law or of his love as revealed in his word.

On the contrary there is manifested an habitual spirit of humility, confessing his unworthiness and guilt for not conforming more perfectly to the claims of holiness, and for neglecting those outward observances of religion which should be the appropriate fruit and expression of the inward faith to which he unfalteringly adheres.

Indeed his language seems to me to be that, not of an unbeliever or rejector of religion, but of a truly religious person, who is a Christian but does not know it, because he is waiting for some better testimony of experience and some higher attainments of goodness, before he shall become a "professor of religion."

His letters to his parents and brothers and sister are more full and clear to the same effect. He had the highest and most sincere respect for their piety, and blames himself for not being able to place himself by their side, and is never for a moment impatient or restive under their faithful and persistent admonitions and counsels.

Some of these letters are exceedingly interesting by the revelations they make of the depth and intensity of his religious life. One written to his parents, February 12, 1812, is so comprehensive in respect to the time it covers, and furnishes so full a disclosure of both the ordinary and extraordinary workings of his mind in respect to religious things that when we have made somewhat copious extracts from it, we shall hardly need to look further.

This letter was written from Bethany about a year after Nathaniel's death, and a year before that of his first wife, so that it was called forth by no special excitement or disturbance of his soul, but was the calm and deliberate fulfillment of a long-existing purpose to unfold to his parents the religious history and the present religious attitude of his mind.

BETHANY, February 12, 1812.

"*Honored Parents:*"

"The reflection has for a long time been painful to me that I have so entirely neglected answering the many affectionate and admonishing letters which I have received from you. And, although more than half a year has elapsed since I came to a determination to endeavor to unfold to you the state of my mind in relation to Divine things, I have neglected until this time, the fulfillment of a promise which I made to myself and, I believe, intimated to you."

"Several times I have commenced writing and being unwilling to communicate to you, as an item of my belief, anything concerning which I entertained the slightest doubt, I have as often laid my pen aside without concluding what I had begun."

"I feel desirous of expressing to you, in some more impressive manner than I have in my power, how much I esteem the blessing of having been bred under the care and watchfulness of parents whose zeal and labors were constantly directed to a suppression of vice and an introduction of virtuous principles, accompanied by a reverence toward God as our creator and benefactor."

"When I view myself as the only member of my father's family who has not made a profession of experimental religion—as the only unfruitful branch of the tree—my feelings are such as I cannot describe. But as the leading object of this letter is to give you, as correctly as I am able, and as fully as the limits of a letter will admit, the state of my mind in respect

to Divine things, it becomes necessary to waive secondary subjects."

"You were not unacquainted with my occasional exercises of mind when I was in the family—especially about the time I commenced study in the Academy. During that Winter season I felt a degree of terror upon my mind which I could not surmount. God appeared just and gracious, but to me terrible. My idea was that I ought to perform duties and I thought I endeavored to. I fancied that if I could lead such a life as I pictured to myself I should be converted, but to my continual sorrow, every attempt at meritorious duty left me lower in the pit. This prayer, by not being more fervent, was but mocking God, and that duty, from having a selfish motive was but the "sacrifice of fools." Still my impression was fixed that I must *do* to obtain spiritual life."

"On a time in the course of that Winter, as I was riding homeward on a clear evening, with my mind intent on my condition, an impression, as of words without sound, bade me look about me and behold God in his works. By an instantaneous transition my whole mind changed from a view of terror in the majesty of Heaven to that of the most exquisit delight. Heaven and all God's creation appeared to my mind unspeakably beautiful, and my idea of God himself expanded to a degree which filled my whole soul with amazement and adoration. All thoughts of terror in the idea of God were gone, and nothing but inimitable love, unspeakable beauty, unbounded mercy and infinite, invariable goodness, in all his works and ways, found place in my mind. This

theme, at the time exceedingly delightful, occupied my mind until I approached home, when that which would seem like a visit to another world, like an absorption in meditation which carried the mind beyond visible things, seemed to terminate, and the reflection upon it afterwards was rather like a reflection upon a past visit, or a past conversation, or a past prospect. An impression was made upon my mind which lasted. I felt a disposition of devotion to that Holy God, but thought nothing whether I was personally under favor or condemnation. God ought to be glorified without taking into view the worm of the dust."

* * * * "But my view of God was as of one God, and the idea of a Trinity staggered me when carried to the extent which I believed and still belive, it is generally carried. And, feeling myself under a necessity of believing that the generally received idea among Christians was correct, I was compelled to so far abandon my own as fixed a belief that all my ideas had been a delusion, and that Satan had, by that artifice, so completely defeated the begun work of conviction in my mind, that I was in danger of never being able to regain it. And yet those same ideas of infinite beauty in the character, and goodness in the providences of God, as one only God, were so rivited on my mind that I never could dismiss them. When I strove to regain those ideas of terror, the lovely prospect intruded, and for a number of years, when I could not avoid reflection or when I was disposed to meditation, much the same ideas possesed my mind. But my idea of their fal-

lacy, in so essential a point as that of the Trinity, made me wish many times that I could forget the subject, and I dared not exhibit the state of my mind to others."

"Thus I lived until I had been settled about a year and a half in this country, generally speaking solicitous to crowd those ideas which so enraptured my mind into forgetfulness and if possible to regain my former ones."

"At that time I was pursuing a journey on horseback which occupied a day or two in a wilderness and furnished an undisturbed opportunity for meditation. Those beauties of the character of God seemed to shine upon my mind and, in a measure absorbed in the subject, I pursued it, tracing the probability of a God in active works, through myriads of worlds and successions of worlds to fill up an eternity."

"The objection of the Trinity obtruded and I wished to forget the sublime subject. I could not disbelieve the creed of all Christian people that there is one God and one Christ, the only son of God, and that all who are saved derived their salvation through the medium of his atonement. If many worlds had existed and would exist in the universe, exclusive of this little ball of earth, and if those worlds, as well as this, were and would be peopled with rational beings, subject, like us, to happiness and misery, a species of physical impossibility baffled my ideas, how the subject could be reconciled. I endeavored to reason but only darkened the subject—the one position was too strongly impressed upon my

mind to be eradicated and the other too strongly supported by scripture and universal belief to be doubted."

"In this condition, after endeavoring to reconcile the ideas until I found myself in a labyrinth out of which I could find no passage, either by retreating or advancing, I yielded the attempt and in fervency of prayer to that God who appeared to me to be all love and goodness, entreated that my mind might be relieved from that distressing anxiety by some display of the subject to my understanding which should reconcile the difficulty with which I was confounded. My mind became absorbed in reverie, and I traveled for a number of miles, so completely without noticing any snrrounding object, that when I cast my eyes around me, I knew not where I was or whither I was going."

"During this time my mind ran upon a train of ideas beyond expression—all the difficulties in respect to the system vanished—all was clear to my mind as the sunshine at noonday, and for a short time I was as happy in contemplation as I believe my nature capable of being."

"I then had, and upon every recollection of that hour, still have, a feeling similar to that of having heard an elucidation of the whole subject from some one communicating to me. The awful sensibility of my mind at that time surpasses description. In solemn, adoring silence, without occasion to suggest a further doubtful thought which wanted removal, with fixed attention, more delightful than language can paint, my mind was led, as it were, step by step,

through the most enrapturing of all subjects, and after the conclusion, when I found myself alone, on horseback, surrounded by a maze of barren mountains, even thought cannot describe the emotions of my mind. Adoration, wonder, gratitude, thankfulness and praise filled my soul."

"The subject occupied my mind peculiarly for some days, but I feared to mention the thing even to my wife, lest instead of bolstering I should shake her belief. Occurrences afterward revived the view in such a manner that I could not resist its convincing effect, yet I passed over year after year and thought best not to mention it."

* * * * * * *

"Though I cannot say I live without hope at times, which I do not indulge at other times, I have never, at any time, felt that unequivocal assurance of hope whence I could say, without doubting, that my heart was right with God." * * * I can say with all sincerity that I feel myself a monument of his mercy, in that I am still spared who have been furnished, as it were by special pains of his own, with such demonstrations of his love and goodness. * * * If my faithfulness in my duty was equal to the smallest comparative degree of his goodness to me, I think I have reason to believe I should enjoy the favor of his presence on my mind, but to my own confusion of face I must say, I live in neglect and forgetfulness of that adorable God who hath dealt bountifully towards me, and whose goodness ought, without any other motive, to draw every faculty of my body and mind devoutly into his service."

"I have drawn my letter to unusual length, to which I could enlarge if prudence commended, but will only add that my endeavors shall be to answer any enquiries you may make for explanation of what I have written, candidly if I cannot satisfactorily, and with prayers to God for your welfare, to beg a continued interest in yours."

Your ever dutiful son,

JASON TORREY.

These voluminous extracts from a long and comprehensive letter show that while father's life was essentially controlled, and his character moulded, from his youth up, under the ever present influence of the principles of the Christian religion, he was deterred from making a profession of his faith by both a practical and a speculative reason.

The practical difficulty was that he wanted to be *good* before he should profess himself a Christian, and not attaining to any such goodness as satisfied him, he abstained from making a profession that he feared he might dishonor. This is an attitude that is often occupied for years, and even for a life-time, by men whose Christian characters are believed in by everybody but themselves.

The speculative difficulty was a huge and stubborn one. It was the long-continued—sometimes passive, sometimes active protest of his soul's intelligence and his heart's deep feeling against that aspect of the "orthodoxy" of the time which represented God the Father as implacable and terrible, and in this respect different from God the Son. It was this phase of the doctrine of the Trinity that "staggered"

him. He believed this view of the terribleness of God the Father to be held by Christians generally, and among the rest by his father and mother and brothers and sister and wife, in the intelligent piety of each of whom he had unwaivering confidence, and he did not dare to disagree with them in regard to this phase of doctrine. But when he turned his thoughts toward God himself, he could see only infinite goodness and loveliness in him, as on that Winter ride away back at the time when he was only 19 years old. And this view of God wrought in him, at the time, a deep humility and a sweet trustfulness. But there came back the thought of God's terribleness, as insisted upon by all Christians, and he sank into the discouraging feeling that those delightful views of God had been a device of Satan to destroy that "work of conviction" which had been begun in him, and which consisted essentially in that feeling of "terror" which had left him, and which he was now afraid never would return. And it never did return as a "conviction." But he mistakenly thought it ought to, and he carried along with him the dormant elements of the struggle until, he says, he had been for a year and a half settled in Mt. Pleasant, when, on that journey of several days on horseback, alone, which was probably one of his horseback trips to Philadelphia by way of Minnisink and Stroudsburg, and very likely "the maze of barren mountains" of which he speaks, were the mountainous shrub-oak barrens of what is now Pike County—on that journey, he became absorbed in thoughts of God, and God seemed sublimely good

and beautiful to him; but the other and "orthodox" thought that God ought to seem terrible to him obtruded itself, and he tried to push aside the delightful view, fearing that it was a Satanic delusion again. But it would not be put aside, and thus the old struggle was fully in operation again within his agitated and anxious soul, which was seeking after God and could not decide whether or not he had found him, and then he prayed vehemently that his anxious and distressed mind might be relieved by some such disclosure of God to his understanding as would make the whole matter clear to him, and then he experienced in apparent answer to his prayer, what may properly be called it seems to me, a *Theophany* —i. e. a manifestation of God to his soul—like that to Isaiah in the Temple, or to Job when God spoke to him out of the whirlwind—only that, in those cases, the manifestations were, perhaps, miraculous in their manner, but in this case not at all miraculous, but *natural spiritual*, if I may be allowed the combination of words to express the compound thought. That is to say, by the legitimate and normal operations of his mind and soul, with his intellectual and spiritual powers all awake and eager, under the combined light of God's works and God's word, he "saw the King in his beauty," and had such views of God's holiness and goodness as to clear away all his disturbances and fill him at once with a solemn awe and an adoring gladness, so that he quite forgot all his surroundings in the rapture of his joy, and was left with a feeling "like that of having had the whole subject of his anxious thoughts elucidated

by some one communicating with him." This is the feeling that comes back to him at every remembrance of that hour, and though he has much difficulty with himself and especially reproaches himself because his life is so unworthy of a person who has had such sublime disclosures of God's character and such adorable views of God's goodness, as he has had, yet the old struggle is not again awakened in him, and in 1818, six years after writing the above letter —he finds his way clear, in close company with two of his sons, to take publicly the attitude of a Christian, without laying claim to any satisfying attainments of personal goodness, and from that time onward his doctrinal agreement with the Presbyterian Church was cordial and undisturbed.

XXIII

Intellectually father seems to me to have been richly endowed—capable of being master in logic or metaphysics, or of becoming distinguished, under favoring circumstances, in jurisprudence or statesmanship. I have the feeling that if the land office at Philadelphia had been open instead of closed in 1793 to 1795, he would have been brought into such relations to the life and leadership of the State, as might have opened to him the doors of a very wide and conspicuous career, and that almost any such career he would readily have qualified himself to fill with distinguished fidelity and ability.

He was a quick and discriminating observer, with great readiness for broad and sagacious generaliza-

tion, and an instinctive habit of reducing details to system.

As a learner he had the philosophic method of searching for the causes of things, and was exhaustively thorough in the endeavor to master whatever he undertook to know.

He was a strong thinker and a clear reasoner, with a rare felicity in the use of language, both in respect to the choice of words and to their construction into sentences, and with such power of abstraction and concentration that often, in the midst of the excitement and confusion of a popular meeting, he would be ready, at the critical moment, to sit down and, quick as thought, almost, produce the needed written document for presentation to the people, or to the court, or the Governor, or to the Legislature, as the case might require, that would be compact in form, and full and forcible in statement, and clear in argument, and sometimes as beautiful in expression as though it had been conceived and elaborated in the utmost quiet and leisure.

No matter how unimposing the subject with which he deals, he magnifies it, and magnifies his office by the masterly thoroughness and skill with which he deals with it, just as the painting of the head of a slaughtered sheep, hanging in a butcher's shop, reveals the skill and power of the great artist and becomes a picture that sells, perhaps, for a thousand dollars.

The records of the church at Bethany, of which father was recording clerk for a series of years, are a monument to his clearness of perception and ex-

actness of statement. Those records involved no matters of vast public interest or imposing magnitude, of course, but they cover some years of fierce and bitter ecclesiastical litigation, involving prolonged and tedious trials of the most intricate and perplexing issues, and the concise and orderly and lucid and accurate records of all the processes and results of the business, reveal a power of comprehending and expressing intricacies of thought and speech that was equal to the highest achievements in that line, and have commanded the admiration of experts who have had occasion to examine them.

A few years before father's death, when I was at home from college for a Summer vacation, Mr. Amzi Fuller, then of Wilkes-Barre (previously of Bethany) was visiting, for a day or two, at the house of brother John in Honesdale, which house was both father's home and mine.

Mr. Fuller was visiting his sister, brother John's wife, and was very intimate in the family. He had come to Bethany, very early in its history, as a teacher, and had begun his professional career as a lawyer there, and had continued it there until the county offices were removed to Honesdale, when he removed his residence to Wilkes-Barre, much to the delight of the people of the latter place, because he was a man of rare excellence and elevation of character, and had become one of the strong men and able lawyers of the State.

Mr. Fuller and I had stepped out from the breakfast table, or from morning prayers which always followed breakfast in that family, and were convers-

ing together in the yard, and I regarded it as a special favor to have these few minutes of personal conversation with him.

While we were thus standing, father came slowly down the steps of the house, and leaning on his staff, tottered away from us across the yard.

After he had passed, Mr. Fuller, following him with a look of mingled sorrow and affection, said to me, "Ah David! I fear your father will not be long with us." "The young may die but the old must die."

It was a subsequent remark of his that I designed to call attention to here, as bearing upon the subject of this chapter, but I have given this by the way, though it may seem irrelevant, because it was sadly impressed upon my memory afterwards by the fact that this same Mr. Fuller and his younger brother, Thomas, who was also a distinguished lawyer in the county, and both in the very prime and vigor of their lives—the fact that both died of some acute disease, while the tottering "old" man still lingered after them, and made us all wonder that the "*may*" had so outrun the "*must.*"

After quoting that maxim, with his eyes fixed on father, Mr. Fuller turned to me and said, "I wish, David, you could have known your father in his prime. He was a man of wonderful intellectual force. This whole region of country felt the influence of his energy of mind and will, and in respect to acquaintance with the laws concerning land titles and the ownership and control of real estate, he was hardly surpassed by any lawyer in the State."

How clear and positive his ideas were on subjects of national and international interest, how vigorous the grasp of his mind, and how capable he was of holding statesman-like views and writing a statesman-like expression of them, would be clearly shown by reference to his letters and voluminous papers. We can only notice some portions of a letter written to his father in 1805, in answer to repeated requests for a statement of his views on the agitating political problems of the day.

Let us bear in mind that it was less than 30 years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence and only about 10 years after the birth of the first French Republic, that from amid the crude beginnings of things at Bethany, just after his graduation from the log house at Mt. Pleasant, and when he was about 30 years old, he wrote the following letter, and the youngness of our Republic at the time—a little younger than himself—will account for what might otherwise seem the triteness and commonplaceness of his opinions and statements about "Government in the abstract."

BETHANY, March 20, 1805.

"*Honored Father:*"

"In answer to a paragraph in your last and one in a previous letter, I wish for leisure and a private conveyance to communicate my sentiments on Government in the abstract, as well as on the past and present administration of our own."

"I believe that the form of Government which is best suited for one nation might be the worst for

another. The more depraved and licentious a people are, the more energetic should be their Government."

"I believe that for a wise, prudent, honest and well-informed people, there can be no system of Government so well calculated to promote their happiness as a Representative Republican Government, and I believe a people may be so grossly destitute of virtue and honesty that a Republican Government is the worst they can have."

"I believe likewise that an honest and well-informed people, under the best constructed Republican Government which ever existed, are in iminent danger of losing their attachment to honest principles unless there is energy attached to the administration, and that a Republican Government in an honest and virtuous nation, if administered with cupidity, is in danger of becoming their greatest curse, by introducing national immorality, national dishonesty and the destruction of all national confidence, both at home and abroad."

"The lack of energy in an administration is naturally productive of insubordination to the Government, and this never can exist, from such a cause, without being accompanied by a greater or lesser degree of insubordination to every principle of virtue and honesty. Thus that system which, under a wise and energetic administration, would produce safety, happiness and growth in virtue at home and inspire respect abroad, by its imbecility courts licentiousness and banishes every virtue."

"Without enlarging upon the principles of Government in the abstract, I would particularly notice ours."

"I presume no system of Government was ever devised by man, so well calculated to promote the happiness of a free and virtuous people as is defined in our Federal Constitution, nor do I believe there was ever a people so well calculated to be made permanently happy and secure under a Republican Government as we were at the commencement of the Federal Administration, had we adhered rigidly to the principles of our own Government and let alone the political concerns of Europe."

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"The French Revolution, from a Monarchy to a Republic, was witnessed with too great pleasure by Americans—by means whereof our Government suffered partial depredations on our commerce by their sister Republic, without assuming that determined opposition which would have at once prevented its continuance without giving any nation offense. We winked at those inroads upon us which produced a jealousy with the English. They, professedly and perhaps honestly, assumed that they would treat our flag as we permitted the French to treat it, and commenced their depredations."

"Government soon found that to remain inactive was to give up our commerce, for a free plunder, to these contending nations, and at this moment of necessary activity, our political contest commenced."

"The Democratic party wished immediate war with England for daring to treat us as we had per-

mitted the French to treat us, and the Federalists, too late sensible of their remissness, urged an amicable treaty."

"Fortunately the power of deciding was with the Federalists, and a treaty upon terms more favorable to us than, at the time we had reason to expect, was the consequence—for ratifying which Washington was styled by the Democrats, "a fool," "a tool for British partisans," "a superanuated old man," and by some, who are now highly courted by our National Administration, "a scoundrel," and "a man who had never rendered his country a service from any better motive than his own pecuniary and popular advancement."

"This language towards our National Government and towards the Father of our Independence and the nurse of our Liberties, unparalelled in the most licentious governments, sufficiently demonstrated the consequences of the preceeding remissness, and the impolitic and extremely dangerous measure of suffering ourselves to feel so far attached to the political concerns of another nation as to lose sight of the interest and dignity of our own."

"Government, by this time, found it necessary to assume a more decided attitude. An Alien law and a Sedition act were passed—acts at the time extremely necessary, and which were only deficient by their limitations. But the track had been beaten for abusing Government with impunity, and whatever was not absolutely calculated to accommodate the French was denounced as aristocratic."

"We now beheld a set of men, generally disappointed expectants of office and vagrant aliens, exerting their abilities to produce discontent and insurrection. With them, to live under a law which made criminal the "falsely, scandalously and maliciously" abusing the National Government, and especially the "speculator," Washington, was not to be endured. Of course resort must be had to the ignorant rabble, where everything that savored of distrust would be eagerly embraced."

"By means of this resort our Government has become the Government of a faction and nothing more. What is our President? His election, in the first instance, was effected by the Virginia and Carolina negroes. This can be fairly demonstrated, that the additional electors in the Southern States, produced by their number of slaves, gave Jefferson and Burr a majority over Adams and Pinckney."

"What is the adminstration of the President, elected by the Virginia negroes? It is what it ever was when a faction gained the power. Those persons who had been convicted and were imprisoned for libelling Washington, were pardoned and complimented with lucrative places. Fines were not only remitted but refunded after they had been paid pursuant to sentence of court. Nothing in nature is more clear to me than this, that the same principle actuates the present ruling party in this country which has produced about a dozen revolutions in France, and that by brooding and nursing a few more

Tom. Paines, T.J. Calenders and Tom. Coopers,* etc., in connection with their piece-meal dissection of the body of the constitution and infringment upon its principal parts, it is not without good reason that *they* and *we* may expect or shortly witness its exit final."

Your affectionate and dutiful son,

JASON TORREY.

XXIV

Perhaps for a general and final estimate of father's character and worth, it is better not to trust to my own judgment, which would be almost of necessity biassed in the direction of eulogy, by my filial affection and reverence, but to use rather the kindly and appreciative sentiments of Dr. Henry A. Rowland, as they were expressed at the time of father's funeral.

Dr. Rowland was pastor of the church at Honesdale, at the time of father's death, and had known him only during a few years of his infirm old age, but the following words of the funeral discourse were uttered in the presence of many men and women who had known father longer and better than the preacher had, and from whose private testimonies the mater-

*Thomas Cooper, for a violent attack on Adams, was tried for libel and sentenced to six months imprisonment and $400 fine. In 1806 he was Land Commissioner for Pennsylvania—was appointed judge and in 1811, was removed from office for arbitrary conduct.—*Appleton's Am. Cyclopedia.*

ial for these tributes, to one whose life work was very fresh in their memories, had been obtained.

Dr. Rowland, said: "We have assembled to bury one of the oldest members of this community, and one whose early history is connected with the first settlement of this county."

Then after a historical sketch in which many of the events, extending through a period of more than 60 years, which have been more fully narrated in the preceeding chapters of this book, were condensed, the preacher concluded his discourse in the following words:

"It will be seen from this brief sketch of his history that Mr. Torrey was a man of uncommon energy of character, and of a determined fixedness of purpose. He had strength of mind and sagacity to search out and discover the path of his duty; and when he had once made up his mind as to the rectitude of a given course, it was as easy to move the hills from their bases as to divert him from it. This great and commanding trait of his character, had it taken a wrong development, would have rendered him as eminent for a bad influence in society as he was for that which is good. Perhaps, in some instances it would have been better had it been modified to suit the circumstances of a difficult case; but it was not the habit of his mind to temporize. He could not bring himself, for the sake of policy, to pursue a course which he felt to be even doubtful in point of rectitude. His energy and decision were equal to any emergency, and as they were displayed in him, constituted a great character. They are the attributes

of a powerful mind whose influence cannot but be felt in any department of life. Had he devoted himself to a profession, been called into the councils of the nation, or the command of armies, these qualities would have borne him on to eminence. He would have made his influence felt; and it would have been such an influence as would tend in the highest degree to advance the true interests and happiness of man."

"In addition to these eminent traits, he was possessed of unbending integrity. Entrusted with the landed interests of a large proportion of this and other counties, constantly transacting business for others, and ever in the receipt and disbursement of the funds connected with an extensive land agency, his whole course of life was marked with that strict honesty which commends itself as worthy of all imitation. It was a ruling passion with him to do justice, even to the smallest estimable fraction; and it was this sterling honesty which secured for him such unbounded confidence in the community where he dwelt."

"Associated with this estimable trait, was his benevolence. He loved mercy, and conferred it with a bountiful hand on every object of Christian benevolence within his reach. He loved especially the institutions of religion, and those objects which give the gospel with its blessings to the poor and destitute who are far removed from its privileges. He was charitable in his feelings towards all who bear the Christian name. Though firm in his adherence to the sentiments of his own church, yet he could look with interest on the advancement of religion in

any other communion, and did not hesitate to confer his aid, when solicited, on the various evangelical churches. "It is pleasant," said he, on one occasion, "to see the various branches of Christ's church providing themselves with houses of worship, for it makes the strangers who come among us feel more at home when they can associate with their own people in the worship of God." It was the expression of a kind and charitable feeling, to which I listened with great pleasure as it fell from his lips."

"And he endeavored to walk with God. Not that he was ready to communicate his feelings, as some are, but he aimed to act the part of a Christian in all the relations of life, humbly relying on Jesus Christ by faith, as the only ground of his hope. And often, in view of death, which he has for years seen creeping on apace, has he expressed a perfect resignation, and an entire readiness to go when God should summon him. I do not think but that he was as ready, at any time, to cross the dark river, as he ever was to get in his carriage and take his accustomed ride to Bethany."

"He loved the church of Christ in this place, and earnestly desired its permanency and prosperity; and just so long as he was able did he come and take his accustomed seat in this sanctuary, long after he could by reason of an infirmity in hearing, derive any profit from the gospel preached. He came from principle, and that his example might do others good, in this, as in every other duty, finding his reward in the consciousness of the Divine approbation."

"And now, my friends, we have come to bear him from this once loved spot to the place appointed for all the living, may his example be long remembered in this church, and the marked excellencies of his character imitated; and may we so live, under the guidance of religious principle, as to reach in safety, at last, our journey's end. And when we come to die, may our faith be so assured, and our hope so bright, that we shall feel as he did, when we lay ourselves down to rest at night, that it is a matter of indifference to us whether we wake in this world or the next. "And we desire that every one of you do show the same diligence to the full assurance of hope unto the end; that ye be not slothful, but followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises."

[On page 13 of this book, John Torrey, LL. D., the distinguished botanist and scientist is spoken of as though he was still connected with the Government Assay office in the city of New York, while the less welcome truth is that he died in 1873, greatly honored as a man of sterling Christian character, and of very eminent scientific attainments and achievements, and his son, Herbert Torrey, succeeds to his position in the Assay office.]

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